

DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

The Best Wife of All.

Three travellers met in the Brander Pass,
By the bubbling Brander Springs;
They shared their cake and their venison
And they talked of many a thing:
Of looks, and songs, and foreign lands,
Of strange and wandering lives,
And by and by, in a softer tone,
They spoke of their homes and wives.

"I married the lady o' Logan Brae,"
Said one with a lofty air;
"There's nae in a' the North countrie
A house wi' a better shair;
Of cold and gear, and hill and loch,
Of houses and farms to rent;
There's many a man has envied me,
And I'm mair than weel content."

"Dream of a woman as bright as day,"
The second traveller said;
"Dream of a form of perfect grace,
Of a noble face and head
Of eyes that are as blue as heaven,
Of flowing nut-brown hair;
That is my wife; and though not rich,
Oh, she is wondrous fair!"

The third one said: "I have a wife,
She is neither rich nor fair;
She has not gold, nor gear, nor land,
Nor a wealth of nut-brown hair;
But oh! she loves me! and her love
Has shod through every test,
Beauty and gold are good, but friends,
We know that love is best."

They filled their cups in the spring again,
And they said, right heartily:
"Here's to the loving, faithful wife!
Wherever her home may be,
And soon they took their different ways,
One thought in each man's breast:
"Beauty is good, and gold is good,
But a true love is the best."

—Little E. Barr.

STORE TELLER.

A PAINTER'S STORY.

"Where did you get that model from?"

We were standing, my host and I, before a picture in his drawing-room. It was a fairly large picture, labeled "Springtime," a scene somewhere in the heart of the Kentish woods. A mossy footpath thro' the coppice led up to the brow of a slight hill, and there among the budding hazels and the dappled stems of the silver birch, a young girl of about seventeen stood gazing dreamily forth over the misty valley that spread out at her feet. Her hands were clasped behind her and held a dainty posy of wood violets and primroses freshly gathered; while by her side and holding on to her apron string stood a little chubby-faced boy—like her, gazing steadfastly into the scene beyond, but with a nearer and more practical vision.

The maiden's face was lovely with an ideal beauty. Waves of pale, but sun-bright, golden hair flowed from her brows like an aureole, her skin was very pale and delicate, but suffused on the cheeks with a faint rose flush like the pink of a new-blown wind flower; dark lashes drooped over a pair of deep violet eyes of limpid purity and a smile beamed on her ripe, half-parted lips. She reminded one somehow of the early dawn with its golden promise in the eastern sky, or of the springtime with its dewy freshness, the caroling of its feathered songsters, and the sweet smell of its tender flowers. The primrose had lent some of its yellow to her tresses, the petals of the wood anemone suffused her cheek, and the wondrous blue of her half-hidden eyes seemed to have been distilled from the shade-loving violet. Her very dress of some white gossamer material trimmed with dusky green, was in harmony with the snowy clouds and bursting leaves of spring.

It was a strange, poetical, fascinating picture. There was a strangeness in the wistful beauty of the girl's face which you could never fathom, gaze as you would; and there was a strangeness, too, in the unseen valley into which she was looking with a far-away expression, as it lay before her veiled in the mists of the morning. The strangeness of the new, remotely-spreading prospect, and the unknown life before her were blended into one.

"Where did you get that model from?" I asked. My host was an artist of middle age, who had made his mark. I was merely a young beginner whom he had taken a fancy to, and made a friend of, partly for my father's sake. We were alone in the room, for my patron was a lone man, and we had simply dined together.

After I had put my question, he was silent for a few moments. Then he said, very gravely—

Well, I will tell you where I got that model. Let it be a secret between you and me. In my young days I was, you know, not at all a wealthy man. Like so many young artists, I was poor and almost penniless, living in my painting-room itself and dining out at a cafe; but I was hard-working,

eager to get on, aspiring to be a great painter. To keep soul and body together I painted "pot-boilers" for the dealers, innumerable mossy birds' nests with blue eggs in them, artistically, but I'm afraid not very naturally, posed beside a sprig of May bloom or a flowery primrose.

Whenever I wanted a new hat or a new pair of boots I painted a "bird's nest," and the dealer always took it at the same price—£2 10s. But all the while I was bent on painting a picture for the Academy. Not a little unambitious effort, a head of game lying on a marble slab, a bunch of fruit, or the corner of some old brick house by the canal, to show that I could use the brush, and get, perhaps, a lofty place in some obscure corner. No! I was bent on painting a striking picture which would create a sensation and be the making of me. If a young artist is to break the chains of his drudgery and free himself from the slave's lot, he must paint a picture that shall tell.

I had chosen the subject "Springtime," perhaps because I was bred in the country, and often in my lonely "diggings" at night, I looked back on the old times when I was a little urchin and used to roam the woods in early spring with my little sister, to pluck the first primroses that grew beside the waterfall on the old mill-stream. I forget now how the idea arose, but it grew in my mind by degrees, and gradually took form as time went on. Sometimes I got a hint from a book, or another picture, or a walk in the fields; and one day I happened to go into a small newspaper shop in the village of Hornsey, not far from where I lived, to buy a paper, when I saw what I had been unconsciously seeking. I saw my model.

For some time I had formed the intention of putting a young girl of budding womanhood into my picture; but my conception of her was yet vague and shadowy. Now, however, I had found the very being, and my mind was made up. I took an early opportunity of revisiting the shop, and entering into a friendly conversation with the girl. I found out that her father was dead and that the shop belonged to her widowed mother, who lived over it, and that she and her elder sister kept it, and that they were not very well off. I ordered my newspaper from the shop and frequently bought odds and ends there; then after our acquaintance had ripened more, I ventured to broach the subject of the picture. Would she be willing to sit for me for her likeness?

She blushed and smiled in a pleased manner when I asked her, and I saw that the opposition, if any, would not come from her. Her vanity was flattered; she would be painted in a picture, and written about in the newspaper, and everybody would come to see and admire her face. Yet, after the first gratification was over, a modest doubt showed itself in her eyes. She said she would consult her mother and let me know to-morrow.

Next day I called for my answer and saw the old lady herself. Mrs. Maynard was a very respectable elderly woman, with a grave maternal face, and yellowish white hair.

There was an exceptional refinement about her features and manners, and I saw that she scanned me particularly and with a somewhat anxious air. The scrutiny evidently resulted in my favor, for, after questioning me as to the nature of the sitting, the time, the privacy and the remuneration, she turned about to her daughter with a relaxing smile, and said—

"Well, Lily, if you would like to go, you can."

Lily's face beamed up with radiant joy—her moods were instant and swift as lightning. "Oh, yes, mamma, I should," she responded, eagerly.

So it was settled, and Lily became my model. She used to come every other afternoon and sit till dusk. By degrees, her sweet ever-changing expression of naive girlishness bewitched me. Perhaps, too, I invested her with some of the ideal qualities I was striving to put upon my canvas. Day after day as she sat there before me, I discovered new beauties in her glorious face, with its golden aureole and wishful eyes. It seemed to grow into my life and blend itself with the highest part of me, my imagination. Little Lily, the shop girl, became my romance.

For a long time I did not discover this, even to myself. We seemed to be very good friends. She would stand patiently before me, sometimes lost in a dreamy trance, sometimes turning up her eyes at me with a roguish look which made me laugh and cry out:

"Why, what's the matter with you, Lily?"

"Nothing." She would reply.

"Why do you ask?"

"You looked at me comically."

"I look comical!—thank you—you are very complimentary."

"Now give us your dreamy expression again."

"My dreamy expression—have I a dreamy expression?"

"Yes, you know you have—ethereal and dreamy. Well now—"

"Ethereal and dreamy. Well now—"

"Yes, and comical—when you like."

"Then I must be a queer creature."

"That you are, you witch," I could not help answering. But my work recalled me to myself.

She came punctually at her hour, and left as punctually. Our intercourse was confined to gossip and good-natured chaff within the studio, until I altered the composition of my own picture for a better inspiration than had come to me, and, finding that my time was limited, arranged for her to stay with me after dark. Then I got into the habit of escorting her home thro' Hornsey churchyard.

It was then that I began to find out Lily loved me. In the studio she was always cheerful, but never showed any signs of tender feeling excepting (as I remembered afterward) when I went near her to adjust her dress and put her in the proper pose. Then she blushed with self-consciousness, and smiled with ill-concealed pleasure at my touch. Dear child, I think I see her now! On our walks home, however, I gathered from many slight tokens, obvious to the lover, that she cared for me. Her very bounding spirits, and coy laughter, and quaint repartee were evidence of it.

One evening we had a quarrel. We always spoke to one another without ceremony, and I sometimes took a wicked pleasure in teasing her. That night it had begun to snow and the flakes fell thick around us, as I sheltered her with my umbrella from the blast as we went along the lanes.

"Now, don't you think I deserve something for seeing you thro' the snow to-night?" I said.

"You are well enough paid for it," she replied.

"How so?" I asked.

"In seeing me."

"Oh! indeed?" I answered, rather taken back.

"I'm sure I don't want you," said Lily.

"I think you are very impudent, to say so," I remarked after a pause of several minutes, during which we walked on side by side thro' the falling flakes.

"I don't like to be called impudent, Mr. Morley," she said. "If I am impudent, I don't think people ought to tell me so."

"People should be told their faults," I observed, feeling that a great gulf had opened at my feet, and that the future was charged with some vague and dreadful catastrophe.

"That depends," said she, and no more was said. We walked on in silence until we came to the door of her home. When she bowed stiffly, and without putting out her hand, said, "Good-night, Mr. Morley," in a cold, freezing tone. I lifted my hat, and went homeward, ill at heart and revolving many things. The next day she was punctual at my studio, but would not shake hands as usual. The poor child was dying to see me and make the quarrel up, but she had her injured dignity to preserve. Her face wore an offended look and her lips were firmly set, but a few words of apology from me melted all her indignation away in a moment as the hoar-frost is licked up by the rising sun. She fairly beamed with bashful delight when I spoke to her, and was happier than ever.

I was quite convinced then that Lily loved me, and the knowledge made me uneasy, for I had not thought seriously of getting married. I knew that marriage meant bondage for me, I discovered new beauties in her glorious face, with its golden aureole and wishful eyes. It seemed to grow into my life and blend itself with the highest part of me, my imagination. Little Lily, the shop girl, became my romance.

For a long time I did not discover this, even to myself. We seemed to be very good friends. She would stand patiently before me, sometimes lost in a dreamy trance, sometimes turning up her eyes at me with a roguish look which made me laugh and cry out:

ed on at my picture, and her presence cheered me in spite of myself. Her sprightly laugh and queer sayings drove away the shadows from my brow each time she came.

The winter passed and the spring came on with its balmy gales and opening buds. My picture was all but finished, and I required Lily as a model no longer. I had made up my mind to part from her. Well I remember that last day. She came as usual at 2 o'clock, but her face was very pale and set, and she hardly spoke a word all the afternoon. I only needed her for a few hours to touch up some points in her figure, and in the twilight I saw her home across the churchyard. We scarcely exchanged a word—our hearts were so full. All expectancy seemed to have died out of Lily's face, and there was a hopeless expression in her eyes which touched me to the quick. More than once I was on the verge of taking her to my heart and vowing that I would never part from her, but I felt the act would be selling me to ruin, and I kept the words back. At length we came to the wicket leading from the churchyard into the lane, and here she stopped and said with a tremor in her voice:

"Do not come any farther, Mr. Morley."

"Lily," I pleaded, "my dear child, let me go home with you."

"No," she said; "it's better not," and she held out her hand.

I remember the scene as well as if it happened yesterday—the over-arching elms of the churchyard, the budding quickest of the hedgerows, the rotted sycamore leaves lying at the borders of the path, the caving of the homeward-bound rooks, and the red sunlight from the glowing west, which kindled the ivy on the gray church-tower.

I took her hand in one of mine, and with the other I drew her to my bosom. Long I pressed her there, for there was not a soul passing, and her tears fell silently on my shoulder, where she sobbed in peace.

"My darling," I said, "we have learned to love each other, but love is not enough. Forgive me" (for I felt a sense of guilt at leaving her, which I can scarcely even now justify), "forgive me. I will never forget you."

For a while longer we stood there, I do not know how long. Once or twice she made a feeble effort to escape, but I could not bear to let her go. There was a fatal bliss in her embrace, which I could not relinquish.

At last the clock of the church struck 7, and Lily struggled to be free. I released her from my arms, and dried her tears with my handkerchief. Then I helped her over the stile—and she was gone. I watched her as she hurried away, like a poor wounded bird, and shall never forget the unutterably mournful expression of her face as she turned to take a last look at me before disappearing around a bend in the lane.

Lily was gone. For weeks the thought haunted me, and all the sunshine seemed to die out of the world. My picture was my only hope and consolation: my hope, for I fondly hoped it would prove successful; my consolation, for it preserved to me the living image of poor Lily, who had become sacred to me now I had resigned her. I was free, I might be famous, but I had bought my fame and freedom at a terrible cost, a price I often thought too dear.

My picture was hung, and praised by all the critics, admired by all the public. Lily's beauty was the theme of many remarks, not only from the crowd but from my brother-artists, who often asked me where I got the model, and where she could be found. There was a fortune in her.

But I jealously guarded that secret in my breast. Lily was mine, and for me alone. I was offered a high price for the picture, but I would not sell that first copy. I painted another from it, and sold that. My career was opened, but in the midst of my triumph came a heavy blow. One day a letter came from Lily's mother telling me she was very ill and wished to see me. I went to the little shop that morning, and was shown by Mrs. Maynard to her bedroom. It was a small and plainly papered room, scantily furnished, with an iron bed in the middle of it. As soon as I entered I caught the poor child's eyes eagerly fixed upon me with a thirsting look. Her face was wasted and pinched, and her bright gold hair was hid away behind her sleeping-cap, but the old delighted look beamed all over her face at seeing me. I

took her thin, frail hand in mine and pressed it tenderly.

"See," she said, "I've got all the papers here with the notices of our picture" (we had always called it our picture), and she laid her hand on a mass of newspaper cuttings lying on the coverlet before her. "I read them every day."

Then she told me about her illness, how the doctors could not find the seat of it, and of her longing to see me which not but satisfied until I had come. And I told her of my success and the new pictures I meditated, and what I hoped to do. Mrs. Maynard stayed with us in the room, and after promising to come again I said good-by. But it was for the last time. Lily, my pale, sweet primrose, died soon after, and I cannot but think that she sent for me that day to take a last farewell. There was something in the lingering pressure of her hand that might have told me that.

I have never married. My art has been my wife, and she has smiled upon me as you see. "Springtime" was my first work and my dearest. You asked me where I got my model from, and I have told you.

BEAUTIFYING WOMEN.

AN INDUSTRY THAT IS SAID TO FLOURISH IN NEW YORK.

Clara Belle writes: "My attention was called to a house remarkable for the ugliness of the women who entered and emerged. They varied in age and in degree of unattractiveness, but were lamentably alike in possessing some sort or other of undesirableness of exterior. They were too fat or too lean, too pale or too florid; or else their features were irredeemably coarse. Chance made me an observer of these peculiarities in the very numerous callers at that house. If they had so uniformly excelled in prettiness I should have drawn an ungenerous conclusion, and let it go at that; but the subject distracted me so that, when I came across an explanatory advertisement in a newspaper I screamed with delight. The announcement was that a Mme. Francis beautified women on these very premises. It was instantly clear that the callers were in quest of improvement. I dropped in the other fine day, and the madame seemed at a loss to guess what I wished done. I am not saying that I'm pretty, nor yet denying it; but the ugliness of the customers had been so great, I suppose, that a moderate degree of presentability was unusual. An ardent humbug was this operator on human forms feminine. She was willing to undertake anything. She would guarantee to bleach the shal-lowest complexion to radiant fairness; to wipe away freckles and other skin blemishes like the tears that they caused in their possessor; to smooth out wrinkles and crow tracks as one might iron a shirt-front, to make hair grow or to drop off on any designated spot, or to increase or to decrease the flesh in any desired manner, adding here and subtracting there until exactly the right quantity and shape were obtained. She showed me a liquid which, she said, would drive fat away from the point of application, and a complicated apparatus, mainly consisting of an open-pump, for coaxing plumpness by atmospheric suction."

"Are you alone in this business?" I asked after listening to all these marvels.

"Oh, yes," she sweetly replied; "I wouldn't trust the secrets of my profession to any mortal."

"I shouldn't suppose you would," I assented; "but it struck me that, if you are able to perform these miracles, you must have a celestial silent partner."

She was angry, and about six feet tall. When I engage in a prize-fight it is going to be with a girl of my own size and weight. I was skeered. How to placate her? I really couldn't make up my mind to be daubed or drugged, or air-pumped, and so I submitted to a burnishing of my nails, at a cost of \$2, and made my escape uninjured.

The largest book ever made at the government printing office, in Washington, has just been finished. It is bound in sheep skin and Russia leather, is one foot and four inches in breadth, contains 10,000 pages, and weighs 140 pounds.

Kindly Advice.

The poetic age has crumbled. This is the day of prose. You may improve on the prose of the men who lived years ago, but you are not likely to improve on their poetry. You may write rhyme that will find a welcome with editors, but your thoughts are not apt to be so well expressed as if you had delivered them in straight, unconfined prose. Five lines of poetry may convey to a man the intelligence that he is a liar, but two lines of prose will accomplish the end in a manner much more satisfactory. Now there is young Spadmore. The other day he sent us a poem in which it doubtless took him several days to say the old spring house on his father's farm was still there. This is all very pretty, for to know that an old structure still holds its own casts a mellow glow over us all, but a well arranged paragraph could have imparted the needed intelligence, and during the time thus saved, young Spadmore could have half-soled his sister's shoes or made an ox yoke. He could have broken up an acre or so of "new ground," or shelled a turn of corn. We do not wish to discourage any one, but we would be willing to bet that this young man might work for three whole weeks and then not produce an improvement on "Paradise Lost," and even this grand work falls short of the excellence attained by some of the ancients. When we spoke of this fact to young Spadmore he swelled up and said:

"You advise me to write prose, but yet I might not be able to equal some of the moderns. Must a man smother his rising desires simply because he feels that some one else has mounted to a height which he cannot attain? I don't think that I could write a novel like the great Eliot, yet would you advise me to write prose fiction in the face of such facts? We must confess that the young man stunned us a little there, and we might have gone away without giving him an answer, but his persistency forced a reply. We told him that if we were not satisfied with our advice not to write anything, and we are in hopes that we will abide by our disinterested council.—Arkansaw Traveler.

A Bunch of "Violets."

Examination week and all its dread host of "possibilities" and "impossibilities" is at last over, and the members of the two High Classes have reason to congratulate themselves upon the creditable manner in which they passed the trying ordeal.

We were "ever so" much flattered by our kind friend "Imperator's" invitation to the Pittsburgh picnic, and would be just too 'appy to go if it were possible. Many thanks all the same!

Miss L. R. Fahnestock and two mute brothers left for their homes in Munoy, Pa., Friday the 18th. Miss Lizzie is soon to be led to Hymen's gilded altar, and she has our best wishes for a life all strewn with flowers.

Prof. J. D. Kirkhuff left the Inst. on the 16th, and was married to Mrs. Shannon, of Schuylkill Haven, on the 18th. Prof. K.'s hosts of friends here heartily congratulate him upon his happiness, and hope no cloud may ever dim his bright horizon.

Nine of the pupils who attend Catholic services, were given their first Communion on Thursday, the 13th inst., in the beautiful Cathedral of St. Joseph.

Among the many wedding gifts with which Prof. K. was presented, we noticed a handsome mantle scarf of elegant peacock-green plush, elegantly ornamented by hand. It was a gift of Mother Arsenia, of St. Joseph's, and is a beauty.

We were very sorry to hear of the death of Mr. Bayne, the father of our former classmate Mary E. Bayne, and herewith extend our sympathy to them, as also to Miss Mary R. Fratt another loved classmate, who a few weeks since, lost her dear mother very suddenly.

There is a rumor afloat that the Directors have at last accepted Mr. Foster's resignation as Principal of the Institution. We earnestly hope it is only a rumor, and that our beloved Principal may meet us as usual when we return in the fall, restored to health. We do not know what we should do without him, for he has endeared himself to all by his kindly, genial manners and faithful care.

The Strawberry Festival held on the 20th was a grand success. The tables were graced by some of the prettiest belles of Philadelphia.

Miss L. K. Nicholas left on the train this a.m. (Friday, the 27th), for her distant home in Clinton Co., escorted by her nephew.

Another wreath of orange blossoms will soon be needed if we are not misinformed, and Prof. K.'s wedding cake will be repaid with interest. "Imperator" neglected one of his oldest and best friends when getting up that invitation to the picnic for the benefit of the Quaker City belles. How is it, "Imperator?"

Carpet-rag parties are the order of the day, and now the fair maids may be seen with their beautiful tresses hidden beneath jaunty caps or gay turbans manufactured for the occasion, while in and out and round about fly the sharp scissors to the tune of "Old hundred," while the busy brain is thinking, thinking, thinking of the happy days gone by, when carpet rags and rag carpets were unknown or were made without their help.

How very, very true, "mid palaces and pleasures, though we should roam, be it ever so humble, there's no place like home," is. We just begin to realize it now when the days seem so long and dull, and drag so heavily upon our hands.

The pupils are rejoicing over the last new resolution, passed by our Board of Directors at a recent meeting, viz:—To present each deserving graduate of the Institution with a handsome diploma.

A new handsome picture of the Institution and its most interesting apartments is being prepared by our well-known artist, H. J. Arms, and will be sold to all who desire copies of the same. Those who wish to preserve an accurate picture of their beloved Alma Mater should not fail to buy one of these handsomely gotten up engravings.

And now having called the last Spring (?) Violet, we say good bye and a happy summer to all the readers of the dear old JOURNAL.

PHILADELPHIA, 6-20-84.

BROOKLYN.

DEAR EDITOR:—Miss Harnah Henry held a quilt party, last Saturday evening. Those present at the party were, Mr. and Mrs. Juhring, Mr. and Mrs. Pownall, Mr. and Mrs. Jjams, Miss Everest, Messrs. Reynolds, Stengle, Dezendorf and many others, they had a very pleasant time, she will start for the country on the 3d of July.

Mr. Greiss is now in Bangor, Me., for a short time. He will bring his wife home in a week or so.

Mr. McClelland, of Mountain View, N. J., went home on Thursday. He will return to Brooklyn on the 26th of July, to attend the picnic.

Chas. E. Green will spend a three weeks' vacation with his friends near Narrowsburg, N. Y., in August.

Some of the Brooklyn deaf-mutes will go to Newark, N. J., July 4th, to join the Newark Picnic.

The Bible Class of the Throop Avenue Presbyterian Church will be postponed until July 6th, as the Rev. Mr. Colt will hold a service at Christ Church on the 29th.

Many of our deaf-mutes are glad to see the Cable Road Company building a new road from the City Hall to the Institution at Fort Washington.

In the last week JOURNAL, a young deaf-mute, signing his name as H., in Virginia, wished to know the whereabouts of Edward Green of this city. He can write to him by addressing Chas. E. Green, 63 Lee Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., as Green would be glad to hear from him.

Mr. Alex. Dezendorf will have the Brooklyn Society gold and silver medals in the window of Nutting & Company's Clothing Store, on Fulton Ave., in Brooklyn. The Brooklyn deaf-mutes are happy to find that there will be plenty of picnics and excursions this summer. Many of them will go to the Catholic Excursion on the 21st of August.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis, also Mrs. Hatie Martin (Miss Allard), are in New York City, selling deaf-mute alphabet cards, we advise Mrs. Martin to return to her home, where her father has a situation for her, in Randolph, Mass., where she is wanted. G.

Always speak politely and kindly to servants.

When inclined to give an angry answer, press your lips together and say the alphabet.

When pained by an unkind word or deed, ask yourself: "Have I never done an ill and desired forgiveness?"

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1884.
E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 102d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.50
Clubs of ten, 12.50
If not paid within six months, 2.50
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Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

DEAF-MUTE EDUCATION.

We estimate that two or three hundred deaf-mutes have this month left forever the various institutions in which they had been afforded facilities for securing an education. They will in most cases be prepared to earn a comfortable livelihood. Those who have studied best and attended to their work in the shop most earnestly, are best prepared to meet the exigencies of everyday life. They can exult over their superior advantages and pride themselves on their intelligence now that life's struggle begins. But they should, and we hope they do, feel other emotions than pride and exultation. We trust that they are grateful to their instructors who have so faithfully labored and striven to give them educated minds and skillful hands. Educated deaf-mutes are now the rule instead of the exception. We find them everywhere, holding positions of trust and emolument, respected for their industry, admired for their intelligence, and enjoying and appreciating the social amenities which make life pleasant and agreeable. Most of the institutions of today send forth graduates who possess a knowledge of some useful trade. In a few instances these graduates are quite expert, in many they are equal to the average workman who hears, but it must be acknowledged that some who leave school can hardly be called competent workmen. In the present age of polytechnical instruction, an ordinary classroom education is of itself but a poor outfit in the battle for daily bread. In the case of deaf-mutes it can hardly be termed an outfit, but a mere superficial beginning. So many occupations are closed to them, on account of their lack of hearing, that no institution can be said to have done its duty unless its pupils, at the time of graduating, have become fairly proficient in some trade—that *vade mecum* which will remove them from the possibility of want, and which will ward off the stigma that inevitably attaches to useless and incompetent members of society. Happily for everybody, deaf-mute education is making rapid strides, is becoming more practical, more thorough and more advanced, and we venture to say that this year the graduating class of every institution for educating deaf-mutes in this country, ranks higher than did any of its predecessors.

SOCIAL ENJOYMENT.

The Brooklyn Society wheels into line with an advertisement of their picnic, which will occur on the 26th of next month. The price for a day's entertainment is very low, the grounds where the picnic will be held are cool and pleasant, and admirably adapted for the nature of the programme. We have no doubt but all of deaf-mute New York and Brooklyn will be there to enjoy themselves. The games which will take place will be a great attraction for our deaf-mute athletes and their admirers, and those who attend may expect to see some finely contested running and walking matches.

RAILROAD RECORD FOR 1884.

VICTIM NO. 28.

Mrs. Lucy McGee, aged 70 years, while picking up chips near Van Liew's water tank, on the G. & S. railroad, about one-fourth of a mile south of Ovid Centre depot, last Friday afternoon, was struck and instantly killed by locomotive No. 390 going south with superintendent Stevenson's car. Mrs. McGee was very deaf and partially blind and it is supposed did not notice the approaching train. The engine was running about 25 miles per hour when she was struck and she was thrown about 100 feet.

The coroner, Dr. A. Horton, of Ovid, was notified and immediately visited the scene of the accident. A jury was impaneled Saturday morning, which, after hearing the evidence, returned a verdict of accidental death, and relieving the railroad company from all blame.—*Ovid, N. Y., Independent, June 18.*

ITEMIZER.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

News From Every State in the Union.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

Joseph H. Penrose, of Norristown, Pa., is the owner of a bicycle.

Miss Ida Price, of Brownstown, Ind., is visiting in Indianapolis.

Miss Lizzie Jack, of Warsaw, Ky., visited her "Alma Mater" at Indianapolis recently.

Miss Bella Lowe, of Indianapolis, Ind., is visiting Miss Bettie Mayer, at Evansville, Ind.

Ed J. Holycross, of Columbus, has gone to Hillsboro, O., where he has a good place and first-class pay.

A Philadelphia correspondent wishes us to say that Mr. Alex. Descendot lectured before the Clero Literary Society, on invitation by the President. It is rumored that Sidney Herbert Howard, a teacher at the Michigan Institution, has severed his connection with the school.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Kohler, of York, Pa., are living happily on a small farm, containing 2½ acres. George is very busy in hay making. Corn is very promising on his farm.

Mr. Jonas H. Robert and his wife, of Smith's Station, Pa., were the guests of Mrs. George E. Kohler of York, Pa., for two days recently. They have a very fine and sweet child, over one year old.

Harry M. Powell was in Red Bank, N. J., for two or three days, last week. He is going to Binghamton, N. Y., on the 20th of July, to remain two weeks. The Slinger Manufacturing Company, where he is employed, will shut down the Fourth of July week.

Rev. Job Turner requests us to say that owing to unavoidable circumstances, he will be obliged to cancel his engagement to hold services in Louisville, Ky., on the 6th of July, as he had intended. He will give ample notice of his next appointment for that city.

Louis Lyons, who left the New York Institution in 1879, has been to the deaf-mute institution in Austin, Texas. He had just returned to Waco, where his father keeps a saloon, which is said to be the finest in the town. While at Austin, he was catcher for the base ball club.

On the evening of the 15th inst., Rev. Job Turner left Memphis, Tenn., for Austin, Texas, to visit his son, Dr. Loring Turner, and his wife for a few days before launching himself upon his hard work through the summer and fall in different parts of that country, God sparing his life.

Mr. Henry Stewart Stevenson, a semi-mute of Philadelphia, sold many tickets for the recent strawberry festival in that city. Mr. Stevenson deserves the thanks of many everywhere for his kindness, and for his exertions on their behalf. We offer him our congratulations.

Last Thursday night the Pastoral Aid Society of Philadelphia held a strawberry festival at the Spring Garden Institute, corner of North Broad and Spring Garden Streets. It was a very successful affair. There was a full supply of straw berries as well as ice cream and cakes. About two hundred and seventy-five (275) people were in attendance. Those present said they had a good time, and enjoyed themselves. Many thanks are due to Mrs. H. W. Syle, who acted as chairman for her kindness.

The Deaf-Mutes.

Rev. A. W. Mann, Deaf-Mute Missionary, writes to the *Cleveland Leader* in defense of deaf-mutes as useful citizens:

"Deaf-mutes are able to support themselves by manual occupations just as well as the people in the possession of the sense of hearing. No use whatever exists, therefore, for their resorting to begging. It is a fact, however, that the very few who are engaged in this disreputable occupation are encouraged to continue in it by the benevolent, who are too easily moved by their appeals for money. In nearly every case their appeals have no basis of truth. The success of those persons in living without work has encouraged unprincipled hearing persons to imitate them. Hence, the occasional arrests of impostors in the larger cities. A way to remedy this evil is to refer such applicants to the officers of societies of organized charity, instead of giving them aid directly. People are apt to come to wrong conclusions concerning the deaf-mute community by noticing such impostors. Some people suppose the majority of deaf-mutes to be subjects of charity, and living upon it. I can say now, after much observation, that the excess of such unworthy persons is very much in favor of those impostors. The majority, by very far, of deaf-mutes, are honest, industrious, self-supporting and useful citizens."

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

REVS. BICKNELL AND MANN.

June 28.—Cambridge City, Ind., Picnic and Re-union.

" 29.—Cambridge City, Ind., 10:30 A.M.

" 29.—Cambridge City, Ind., 3:00 P.M.

" 29.—Cambridge City, Ind., 7:30 P.M.

REVS. GALLAUDET AND MANN.

July 5.—Chicago. Picnic and Re-union.

" 6.—Chicago, 10:30 A.M.

" 6.—Chicago, 2:45 P.M.

" 6.—Chicago, 7:30 P.M.

" 7.—Milwaukee, 7:30 P.M.

" 9.—Faribault. Cathedral, 7:30 P.M.

" 10.—Fairbault, Good Shepherd 7:30 P.M.

" 11.—Minneapolis, St. Marks, 7:30 P.M.

" 13.—St. Paul, 10:30 A.M.

" 13.—Minneapolis, Gethsemane, 3:00 P.M.

" 13.—Minneapolis, Gethsemane, 7:30 P.M. Combined service.

" 14.—St. Paul, Christ, 7:30 P.M.

" 15.—Winona, Minn., 7:30 P.M.

" 19.—Logansport, Ind.

" 20.—Logansport, Ind.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

The Farewell Hop.

CLOSING SCENES.

Varieties.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

The battle with the books began on Friday, was continued on Monday and ended on Tuesday at noon. The next event of importance, which served as a pivot for the attention of the students, was the farewell hop tendered by the undergraduates to '84. The anticipation of the pleasure which the evening would afford, was all the more pleasant after the mental tug and strain of the morning, and throughout the afternoon it would be hard to find a student who was not engaged in preparations for the event.

About one hundred invitations had been sent out by the students to their friends, most of whom responded, and the consequence was that together with the professors and their ladies and friends, a very select party of about one hundred and fifty were assembled to enjoy the pleasures of the dance. Gymnasium Hall, the scene of the festivities, had been prepared for the ball with great taste, and presented a most inviting appearance. A large arch of boxwood and evergreens, bearing the word "Welcome" in daisies and white roses was suspended from the central ring, white flowers and wreaths of evergreen also lent their pleasing effect to the side rings and horizontal bar supports. The railing of the gallery was draped with the National colors, and flowers were also bracketed along the walls. Extra chandeliers gave an increased volume of light, and the parquet, too, was as smooth and well waxed as the most fastidious dancer could have desired. The Committee which had the arrangements of the hall in charge, Messrs. Hanson, '86, and Boland, '88, deserve every praise for these innovations introduced by them, but they modestly referred all the credit to Miss Kittie Gallaudet whom, they said, they had impressed into their Committee, and had made *ex-officio* Chairman. The music was given by Callan's orchestra, and we were assured that it was good. In short it may be said that all the mechanical adjuncts to the ball were a success and that they contributed not a little towards the enjoyment of the evening.

Guests afoot and in hansoms and carriages began to arrive by 8:30, and proceeded from the college door to the hall where they were met by the committee of arrangements and by the graduating class. By nine o'clock the music struck up the grand march deposed to the Faculty and led by President and Miss Gallaudet followed by the professors and their ladies, by the graduating class, and by the students and their guests. The ball having thus been set rolling, the dances of the first set followed in regular succession and when by half-past eleven the last dance of the set was ended, the company proceeded from the hall to the college dining-room, where an elegant collation was served. The guests were all seated, and were waited upon by the committee, and as the refreshments were such as must have satisfied the most fastidious gastronome, and as two hours of exhilarating dance had done everything to sharpen the appetite, the viands were not slighted. After the meal most of the guests choosing to enjoy the beauties of the perfume of the June roses, for a quarter of an hour promenaded the concrete among College and Faculty rows, we were told by a Duke, who as usual had followed the inquisitive propensities of his kind, that he had seen Sopho and So mooning with a fair one on Prof. Fay's porch, but we have no doubt that the ice cream and dainties of which he had partaken must have had such an effect on his vision that airy nothings became concrete realities before his optics.

It was twelve o'clock when the second part of the programme was taken up with a re-entré dedicated to '84. The fun was not relaxed for a moment until the closing strains of the last Virginia Reel gave the signal for a return to *dulce domum*, and the merry crowd broke up.

Altogether this glad send off tendered '84 on its last night in college was a joyous winding up of its college career, and in due accord with the high tradition of the class. As we have said, the music was first class, the hall was beautifully decorated, every fore-sight having been taken to insure the comfort of the guests, the supper was epicurean in its menu and aesthetic in its arrangement, and last but not least every one, student, professor and guest alike, had made a night of exhilarating fun of it. The programme, it must also be said, were an improvement on those used during former balls, being as fine specimens of artistic topography as could be procured anywhere in town. As usual the two sets consisted of seven dances, and a promenade each, the dances, square and round, being dedicated to the "Faculty," "Buff and Blue," "The Lit," "K. B. B. C.," "Tennis Club," "The Class of '84," "Lady Friends," "Alma Mater," "The Alumni," and last but not least to the jolly and meritorious "H. O. S. S."

The committee of Arrangements, consisting of Messrs. Davidson, '85, chairman and master of ceremonies, Boland, '88, Hanson, '86, Berg, '86, and

Boland, '88, deserve every praise for the pleasing and indefatigable manner in which they performed their varied and onerous duties, and the success of the hop is owing in a great measure to their efforts.

Among those present were Miss Mamie Mullen, Mr. C. S. Henry, Miss Wade, Miss Harwood, Mr. Middleton, Miss Chester, Mr. Venable, Prof. and Mrs. Draper, Prof. and Mrs. Chickering, President and Miss Gallaudet, Mr. and Mrs. Wight, Mr. Clond, Miss Lulu Brown, Mr. Lyons, Miss Lizzie Brown, Mr. Davidson, Miss Julia McCord, Mr. Dureford, Miss Etta McCord, Miss Hackman, Mr. Gordon, Miss Parker, Mr. Beall, Mr. Palmer, Miss Connor, Mr. Veditz, Miss Aitchison, Mr. Robinson, Miss Lulu Chickering, Mr. Aitchison, Miss Bierce, Mr. John Halstead, Mrs. Abett, Miss Halstead, Mr. Pennington Halstead, Mr. and Mrs. Hammer, Dr. Ober, Miss Boisen, Mr. Gwynne, Miss Wright, Mr. Dantzer, Miss Cavis, Mr. Benson, Miss Burke, Mr. Adams, Miss Benedict, Mr. Morrow, Miss Cain, Mr. Deem, Miss Tolman, Mr. Dudson, Miss Simmons, Mr. Hanson, Miss Kenwill, Mr. Berg, Miss Hopkins, Mr. Robert, Miss Winter, Mr. Kerney, Miss Lowe and Miss Powell.

THE CLOSING EXERCISES.

It was near three o'clock when the last ball guest departed, and it was not until this wee sma' hour of the morning that most of the students could transfer their devotion from Terpsichore to Somnus, but as all of them are "old stagers" at this sort of business, they were as bright and chipper as ever when they assembled in the chapel at 10:30 to attend the farewell exercises of the year. The pupils of the primary department were also assembled in the hall, as indeed was every one connected with the school and College in an official capacity, the Professors occupying a row of chairs to the right of the platform, the instructors of the Primary taking up a similar row on the left. On the platform, Dr. Gallaudet occupied the President's chair, the other seats being filled by Senator Bayard, Congressman Tucker, of Virginia, General McKee Dunn and Mr. Robert Fox, Secretary of the Board; all the gentlemen being Directors of the College. Rising, Dr. Gallaudet made a few remarks relating to the nature of the occasion of the meeting, and then read the roll of honor of the Primary Department. The result of the College examinations and the consequent promotions, were next announced, and then came the Valedictory Address by Mr. Veditz, of the graduating class. Senator Bayard being asked by Dr. Gallaudet, made a brief but impressive speech, in which he spoke of the curious feeling which possessed him. Though speaking to those who could not hear, art had nevertheless thrown down the barriers interposed by Nature, and that, strange and wonderful though it seemed to him, he was yet able to convey his ideas to them at once through the medium of a third person, (Dr. Gallaudet, who interpreted his address in signs). "He had no doubt," he said, "that the loss of hearing greatly increased the power and activity of the remaining senses. While God had given man five senses, he had at the same time given him a mind capable of contriving means to supply the loss of any one of them."

He referred to the fact that while none of us had material wealth or were surrounded by its influences, still we were possessed of that intellectual wealth which by dint of perseverance and effort would make us rich in the common sense of the word. Speaking of the credit which the College conferred on the country and of its far reaching influence both at home and abroad, he recalled Carlyle's aphorism that every noble thing is at first impossible. In closing the Senator expressed his confidence in the ability of the class, congratulated it on its high record, and expressed the hope that its career might be as successful beyond the college walls as it had hitherto been. The address was received with prolonged applause, for aside from the distinguished public character of the speaker, it was exceedingly forcible and made a deep impression.

The diplomas were then conferred upon the graduating class—upon Messrs. Allabough, Palmer, Robinson, and Veditz in succession. As they stepped upon the platform they were greeted by President Gallaudet as follows: "Mr. —, By order of the Board of Directors, and according to authority vested in them by the Congress of the United States, I herewith confer upon you the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and in testimony thereof present you this diploma."

The wording of the diplomas is in English, and is to the effect that the holder, having successfully completed a four years' course in the College, is declared entitled to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and worthy of all the confidence and trust which the holding of such a degree implies. The diplomas are signed by President Arthur, as *ex-officio* Patron of the College, by Dr. Gallaudet as President, and by Mr. Fox as Secretary.

After the conferring of the degrees, President Gallaudet, greeting the graduating class as gentlemen, friends, and brothers in the great family of the educated, gave the class some hearty advice, quoting Elizabeth Stuart Phelps: "Sheer intellect has no greater chance of eternal life than sheer muscle. Immortality is not promised by the Creator to great men. Mere mind holds no passport to eternity. There is no limited express to Paradise for able people. Goethe, for being Goethe, is none the more likely to last forever," and also Philip Gilbert Hamerton in answer to the

question which of the moral virtues was the most essential to the intellectual life: "I think there cannot be a doubt that the most essential virtue is disinterestedness." Enlarging upon these quotations, the Doctor dwelt with great force and earnestness upon the topic he had chosen for the occasion—"The work for immortality," and finally wishing the class God speed, he bade them a hearty good bye. A benediction by Professor Chickering closed the exercises and at the same time the College year '83-'84.

VARITIES.

Everything has been topsy turvy in the college during the last few days. Trunks were hauled forth, and their owners exerted all their ingenuity in compressing the greatest possible amount of baggage in the least possible amount of space.

Steward Van Ness has had his hands full throughout Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, bringing all the trunks to the various depots of the city, and janitor Coloin has been travelling where and how in the name of all that's singular, the students could have unearthed the prodigious piles of rubbish they have heaped up in the halls.

The Seniors have naturally been more particular than the others in the matter of packing up, and as it is their final exodus from Old Kendall, they have footed up heavy express bills. They were also among the last to leave, Mr. Allabough making his adieu to his friends on the Green and in town and bidding us a final good-bye on Friday. His destination for the nonce was Philadelphia, but he expects to spend the summer meandering through Pennsylvania. Mr. Veditz also left on Friday for his home in Baltimore, while Mr. Palmer left on Saturday for Mystic River, Conn., where he will take a three month's course at Mr. Whipple's School. Mr. Robinson will remain in Washington during the summer, and go West in the fall.

Of the undergraduates, C. S. Deem, '85, Lynch, '86, also bid the college a final adieu. The former will go to California and join a colony at Santa Barbara, while the latter will once more shove the plough at his home, in Northern Illinois. Messrs. Kerney, '85, Davidson, '85, Adams, '86, and Duncan, '87, have obtained employment in the government departments, and will consequently remain in the city. Mr. Lyons, '87, will return to the "auld country," spending some of the time travelling through England. He tells us that when he returns in the fall, an Irish friend of his, Thomas Maguin, will accompany him as a prospective student at Old Kendall. We like to see the college develop such a cosmopolitan character, and hope that ere long it will number among its students men who come from all parts of Europe, of the world, in fact.

Prof. Hotchkiss left for New York on Friday, where he will remain until the twelfth of July, when his steamer, the Nordland, of the Belgian line, starts on her trip across the ocean. The Professor and Mr. Angell will be given a jolly send-off on the evening of their departure, in the shape of a farewell supper.

Prof. Porter left for New England on Monday, having been called away by a telegram announcing the death of his brother-in-law.

President Gallaudet left with his sons and Miss Kittie Gallaudet on Saturday, and will summer at his charming cottage in Connecticut on the Sound.

Dr. Fay and his family will be among the summer sojourners at Nantucket Beach.

Prof. Chickering and his family are also going east, and will spend a few weeks at the Hub, where they will meet Miss Fanny Chickering, who has been attending the commencement exercises of Smith College at Northampton.

As for "Harry," it behooves him in this letter to bid farewell to the readers of the "Chronicle," for if it must be said, he is now one of those whose college days are over for good. He has received many marks of approval, both private and public, and not this fact alone that his letters have been appreciated, but also the consciousness that he has been writing to, and for friends, make him wish that he could pen the Chronicle for another year. If, as has been his constant aim, his letters have served to faithfully reflect the life both internal and external, mental and physical, of the boys at Old Kendall—if they have served to throw any light upon in our day toward awakening in our deaf something of the pride and interest in their representative institution, which is felt by its own loyal sons, then indeed he can close his volume of the Chronicle with every feeling that can arise from the consciousness that he has done his work well.

And thinking of the proud honor we can now call our own, that we are a graduate of the College, it occurs to us to ask the question, why do not the alumni of Old Kendall form an association of their own?

The college has just finished its second decade and has just sent forth its fifteenth class, and though we are its latest and youngest alumnus, we yet venture to make this proposal to our older brethren, that we all—alumni in order, and alumni *pro causa honoris*, unite in a fraternal association which shall have for its end the well being of Old Kendall, in so far as it can rest with us, to any nothing of the pleasure which personal acquaintance of man with man would give to each and every one of us. The generation of '69 is well-known by name to that of

'70, and that of '73 and '74 to '83 and '84, but few of the men of these classes whose college career is separated by a decade, each know each other personally.

Yale and Harvard have each their memorial halls, erected to sainted alumni, their Beta Theta and Gamma Nu, and other alumni associations,—every college in fact of any pretension to rank and respectability has its graduates, though their class initials may have half a century between them, closely linked in brotherhood, and Kendall, dear Old Kendall, is not a whit less honorable than its sister institutions, nor are its sons in the least less loyal.

We fervently hope that such an association, receiving prestige from and giving loyal support to our *alma mater*, will soon become a reality, and if no measures can be taken to secure its formation before 1887, we would suggest that the unveiling of the statue to Father Gallaudet on the College grounds in the summer of that year, be made the occasion of uniting our alumni in a formal organization. *Haveto.*

HARRY FIELDING.

June, 23 '84.

THE TERRIBLE ABATTIS.

Let a regiment move out of the shelter of a piece of woods to charge a breastwork defended by infantry and artillery, and one man out of every ten will be killed or wounded by shell or round-shot while the lines are forming. Within one minute from the time the nearest man comes within range of the musketry and grape forty men will drop. During the rush at least twenty more will go down, and as the troops reach the works they will meet with such a fire as will break up all organization. One time in forty the works will be carried. Thirty-nine times out of forty the attacking troops are driven back with a loss of from 200 to 450 men.

Take that same breastwork, having a head-log to fire under, and run an abattis along its front and it is nothing short of murder to send men against it. Let the abattis be simply a winnow of small trees and brush, and no column can pass it without a halt. Men must lay down their muskets and drag at the obstruction and the broken lines must be reformed, and that within thirty feet of the muskets having a dead rest. Make the abattis of sharpened stakes, with their butt ends driven deep into the earth and the center firmly fastened to a rail running parallel with the works, and 500 men behind the works can hold them against 5,000. Let telegraph wires be strung from tree to tree or post to post, as was sometimes done, and unless the attacking party bring axes their dead will be piled up three feet deep along the wire fences.

At Spottsylvania there was a slashing in front of that point on Lee's lines called the Horseshoe. The butts of the fallen trees were towards the works—their sharpened limbs towards Grant. Confederates stationed in this Horseshoe killed an average of ten Federals each. An abattis near Lost Mountain, during Sherman's Georgia campaign, aided a force of 600 Confederates to defeat a movement made by a Federal force of 4,400 men. At Fredericksburg the stone walls were an abattis and could not be passed. At Gettysburg Hancock's position was made impregnable by such walls. At second Bull Run every position on either side covered by walls or fences was held to the last. A creek five feet wide and six inches deep would not stop the wanderings of a child, but it has more than once halted division and held it under such a fire that whole companies were wiped out.

Human Endurance in Water.

Man and animals are able to sustain themselves for long distances in the water, and would do so often were they not incapacitated, in regard to the former at least, by sheer terror, as well as complete ignorance of their real powers. Webb's wonderful endurance will never be forgotten. But there are other instances only less remarkable. Some years since, the second mate of a ship left overboard while in the act of hoisting a sail. It was blowing fresh; the time was night and the place some miles out on the stormy German Ocean. The hardy fellow, nevertheless, managed to gain the English coast. Brock, with a dozen other pilots was plying for fares by Yarmouth; and as the main sheet was belayed, a sudden puff of wind upset the boat, when presently all perished except Brock himself, who from 4 in the afternoon to 2 o'clock the next morning, swam thirteen miles before he was able to hail a vessel in the offing. Animals themselves are capable of swimming immense distances, although unable to rest by the way. A dog recently swam thirty miles in America to rejoin his master. A mule and a dog washed over board in the Bay of Biscay, have been known to make their way to shore. A dog swam ashore at the Cape of Good Hope with a letter in its mouth. The crew of the ship to which the dog belonged all perished which they need not have done had they only ventured to tread water as the dog did. As a certain ship was laboring in the trough of the sea, it was found needful, in order to lighten the vessel, to throw some troop horses overboard. The poor things, my informant, a staff surgeon, told me, when they found themselves abandoned, faced round and swam for miles after the vessel.—*Health and Home.*

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A GREAT number of people have been prostrated by the heat, during the past week.

The steamer Montana struck the Wabash bridge while going up the Missouri River from St. Louis.

Lightning in Colorado not only caused loss of property, but injuries, fatal and otherwise, to several persons.

The Barrett paper mill at Bath, S. C., was partially destroyed by fire. Loss, \$25,000; insurance, \$40,000.

The prosecution have little hope of extraditing John C. Eno, late President, of the Second National Bank.

The famous trotter, Maud S, owned by William H. Vanderbilt, trotted a mile without a break in 1:13, last week.

Charles C. Hemmick, a clerk in the Baltimore Post-office, has been arrested on the charge of purloining letters from the mails.

Tramps boarded a train on the Erie Railroad, at Turner's N. Y., and attempted to rob the passengers, but got arrested instead.

On Saturday last, James G. Blaine was officially notified of his nomination by the Republican Party to the Presidency, and accepted it.

An Italian man-of-war is reported to have threatened to bombard Zeyla, on the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, and to have blackmailed the Governor.

MM. Pashkoff and Barodhorff, chief of the Evangelical Brotherhood, have been expelled from Russia, and their books, tracts and pamphlets destroyed.

A needle that ten years ago entered the foot of a woman who resided in Harlem, and was removed, was removed from her stomach on Saturday.

The West Shore Railway Company recently contracted with the Pullman Palace Car Company for 2,478 cars, to cost \$2,124,125, payable in instalments.

At the Hudson River Railroad Depot in New York, on Monday, last, a car load of California salmon, worth about \$10,000, was condemned by the health authorities.

The fastest time ever made in a trip across the Atlantic was made by the America, of the National Line. The whole distance was run in 6 days, 14 hours and 18 minutes.

The New York City telegraph-men are going to fight against the law which requires them to place all their wires underground before October, 1885. They say the law is unconstitutional.

The tables are to be turned on the Irish dynamiters, according to recent rumors. It is threatened that if the outrages do not cease, the dynamite mode of warfare will be directed at Mr. Parnell, who has received anonymous threatening letters.

MISS ALICE M. WELLS, of Boston, while viewing the machinery on the upper floor of a large grain elevator on Twenty-second St. Chicago, on June 26th, was caught in the gearing and crushed to death. She was thirty years of age and was visiting the family of H. N. Greely.

Earl Granville has, through the English Ambassadors to the Powers, sent a circular convening the Egyptian Conference on June 28th. The circular briefly repeats the terms of the despatch of the 19th of April, suggesting a conference, and adds that the Conference is called to consider what changes may be necessary in the law of liquidation to restore financial order in Egypt.

LAST week, William C. Rhinelander, the son of one of the oldest and wealthiest families in New York, shot his father's lawyer. The quarrel was about money. A

COLUMBUS.

Commencement.

Planting the Ivy.

SMALL TALK.

(From our Columbus Correspondent.)

For this week, the scissors instead of our own pen comes to the front with a large amount of interesting matter. It is a great deal more in good taste to have others speak of our work than to do it ourselves. The *Ohio State Journal* of Wednesday, the 18th, contained the following:

THE DEAF AND DUMB COMMENCEMENT.

The school year at the Institute for Deaf and Dumb closed yesterday, the commencement exercises taking place in the chapel at 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon. The institution is in a prosperous condition, and the work of the past year has been marked by signal success in all of the departments. Superintendent Pratt has reasons to congratulate himself over the situation as well as for the cordial support which he has received from the teachers, looking to the success of the practical and educational workings of the institution, and to the trustees for the interest which they have shown in the material welfare of the same. The number of students in attendance was 421, and not a single death occurred during the time, the health having been remarkably good. The pupils commenced leaving for their homes last evening, and it is expected that by this evening all will have departed and nothing more be heard of the silent people about the institution till September 10th, when the school opens again.

The neat little chapel never looked more handsome than it did yesterday when the crowd began to gather to hear and see the exercises. The stage was handsomely decorated with flowers and plants at either side, with festoons of evergreen across the center, and extending either way. Pendent in the middle of the festooning were the words "Class of 1884," and beneath a large horseshoe. The room was not crowded, but nearly every seat was occupied, and there were plenty of visitors to insure comfort on the part of those who had to participate in the exercises. Several improvements were noticed as compared with former years as regards the exercises and the manner in which they took place. The class was seated on the stage in a semi-circle, which made things much more convenient, and avoided the necessity of each going up and down the steps from the audience when their time came to appear on the programme. To the rear of the stage were the teachers, except those who had to assist in the exercises outside, and the members of the board of trustees present had a prominent place on the stage also. The class is probably one of the best in point of intelligence that has ever graduated from the institution. The ladies were all attired in white material and made a fair presence, while the gentlemen were dignified in all they did. Superintendent Pratt read the several productions to the audience as they were being delivered by the graduates, and also interpreted the proceedings to the pupils when anything was said which would be of interest to them. The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. Crook, and then the following programme was carried out:

Oration, with Salutatory. Advantages of Industry. Thomas McHale, Butler county.
Recitation. The Old Arm Chair. Texas Arnold, Guernsey county.
Oration. I Can't. John C. Culy, Fairfield county.
Recitation. Look Alot! Mary F. Fowles, Franklin county.
Oration. Habits. Ulysses G. Miller, Montgomery county.
Declaration. Polonia to Laertes. W. W. Zorn, Wood county.
Recitation. Evangeline. Maggie A. Moore, Lucas county.
Essay. Newspapers. Lizzie R. Atchison, Guernsey county.
Declaration. The Fireman. John F. Schild, Tuscarawas county.
Essay. Opportunities. Ida M. White, Cuyahoga county.
Recitation. The American Flag. Benah B. Croot, Fulton county.
Oration, with Valedictory. Character. Clarence W. Charles, Richland county.

All who appeared on the programme displayed the usual grace and expression for which deaf-mutes are noted, and two of the productions were especially fine in delivery. The declamation by John F. Schild was unusually dramatic in tone, and brought forth well merited applause. It described the fireman fighting the flames and rescuing the injured from the destruction of a conflagration and gave unusual opportunities in the line of mimicry and situation. No less eloquent in grace and artistic effect was the recitation by Benah B. Croot, the American flag. All the original productions showed a respect for common sense in subject matter, and did not deal with things which might very readily be beyond the knowledge of the pupil. In the class was one colored girl, Mary F. Fowles of this city, who did most creditably, and received a number of floral designs from friends. The valedictory by Clarence W. Charles was appropriately worded and contained some good matter, besides proper expression over the fact that this was their last meeting in the capacity of pupils, teachers and trustees.

The giving of testimonials and certificates then followed. There were sixteen of the larger pupils who were called up first and presented

each with a book of poems, "The Venture," by a deaf-mute. These pupils were appointed each month to have a sort of general oversight of the younger pupils.

The next called up was a class of twelve of the larger pupils who have been in the institution ten years, the full time allowed by law, and therefore their connections with the school ceased yesterday. These were each presented with a certificate setting forth that they had been connected with the school ten years but had not completed the prescribed course.

Next came the presentation of diplomas to the graduating class, the names of whom are given above in the regular programme, and this was done in a most graceful manner by Dr. Scott, member of the board of trustees. He sketched the work which is being done by the institution and the great good it is accomplishing in the way of diffusing knowledge among an unfortunate class. He gave some most excellent advice to the class, warning them against ever becoming a part of those who live off the labor of others, but to go to work and make their own living, as they were now well prepared to do. The girls he would not have marry any man who was not to help her to make a living, and equally as good advice was given to the boys. The diplomas which he presented to them could not be eaten, were not fit to sleep upon, would not elect them to Congress, but simply certified that they had completed a prescribed course and were qualified to go out into the world and make a living for themselves. The close of Dr. Scott's address was sprinkled with humor, which called forth broad smiles from the audience.

After the exercises had concluded in the chapel, the pupils and all proceeded to the southwest corner of the building where the exercises of planting the class ivy took place. At the conclusion, Rev. Professor Talbot said the benediction and the commencement was over.

The *Columbus Evening Times* closes a deserving tribute to the subject of its article as follows:

Much of the success of the term just closing is due to Superintendent Pratt, who has proven himself an able educator in the sign language, and a man possessed of unusual executive ability. Prof. Pratt is rapidly bringing the Ohio Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb up among the best in the country.

Very strong feeling is developing in base ball circles here with regard to the way Dundon is being treated in his eastern trip. Of late the Columbus club has not been doing fully up to the "expectations" which goes to show conclusively that the other players in the club are no bigger than Dundon to say the least. Practice Dundon, give him encouraging words and grant him every reasonable wish, then mark our word Dundon will do as well, if not better, as any one of them. The *Columbus Times* says:

The advisability of letting Dundon go has been thought of favorably for some time by many of the stockholders, as with Mountain and Morris there is certainly no crying need of a third pitcher, especially in the present financial condition of the club. If perchance on any occasion another pitcher is needed, these same persons say that Cahill can fill the bill. The *Times* has no advice to give in the matter, thinking that those who have the bills to pay should be allowed to say who shall furnish the music. Yet certain things are true in regard to the release of Dundon. It has been charged, with some color of truth, that the team won't support him, and that Kemmler won't catch a certain delivery which he (Dundon) thinks invincible. Yet he is a very handy man to have about in case of accidents or sickness, as occurred several weeks ago, when Fields and Mann were both off duty. It is alleged that Indianapolis and Saginaw both want him, and it is too much to say that negotiation for his transfer to one of the above clubs will be had.

A feeling of antagonism to Brown has also arisen in the Board, and the plan is to change Brown for West of the Saginaw giving the latter team the service of Dundon. Tom Brown is not playing the ball he is paid for, and of the twelve defeats that Columbus has sustained, at least four of them is directly traceable to him. It may be said in his favor, however, that he has been in ill-health most of the time. West, of Saginaw, will be remembered as the big centerfielder, who captured everything that came in his way, when the club was here in April, and batted like a Trojan when everybody else fanned the air. The above are merely some of the rumors, as showing the feeling prevalent in relation to the questions referred to.

We find the following in the *Evening Dispatch* of the 19th inst. If Mr. A. G. Dewland has any fault, we feel pretty sure stealing is not among them.

Mary Walters, having a filed an affidavit before Justice Olmhausen, charging Albert Dulan, the deaf-mute cutter for English & Gilmore, with stealing knives and forks to the value of five dollars, he appeared this morning and gave his own recognition to appear for a hearing on Friday at eleven o'clock. Mrs. Walters keeps a boarding house on the West Side over the "Telephone" Stores where Dulan took his meals. The authorities think there is some mistake as to Dulan being the guilty person, and the matter does not seem to give him much concern. Mrs. Walters failed to appear before the Mayor where Dulan was first tried to appear, and he was discharged this morning. Mrs. Walters in the mean-

time procured a warrant from the Magistrate.

The case against A. G. Dewland came up in court last Friday, but it was dismissed, the court holding the evidence insufficient to bind him over.

Recently the citizens of Portsmouth, O., turned out *en masse*, amidst cannon-firing, drum beating and other music to welcome home their club who had been playing wonders. The *Columbus Journal* says that "Ryn, the mute who formerly caught Dundon, is doing excellent work behind the bat for Portsmouth."

Mrs. Buckland has gone to Springfield, O., for a rest of three weeks.

Miss Chichester was the last of the lady teachers to leave, which she did on Saturday, for New York.

Dundon returned home from the East last Friday evening. Referring to the alleged "weak pitching" at Washington, D. C., he says it is disproved by the fact that he split one of the catcher's (Kemmler) fingers, which disabled the catcher from rendering efficient service. Since then Kemmler would not catch any more of Dundon's bullets.

Mr. Butler, an employee in the house, has been given leave to withdraw from the force of help, the Institution not needing his services any longer.

Among the old graduates at the Commencement exercises, we noticed Mrs. Joseph Leib, of Columbus; Miss Mary E. Grow, of Pomeroy; Mr. Alonzo Kingry, Bloomfield; Thomas F. Goldsmith, Grove City; Mr. Neener, Circleville; Chas. W. Sinift, Colina; Thos. C. Goldman, Cordington, and Hardy Manley, of Xenia. Miss Hallie N. Holland was reported to be here, but we failed to see her. Miss Ella Lynch, of Halleleville, who has been absent a year, was here, and will return to school next term.

Miss Margaret Rife, now of Newark, spent Tuesday in the city calling on Miss Bogle, at 452 Oak Street, Mrs. Stewart and Mrs. P. Pratt.

The mother of Willie A. Hays, of the Grammar department, died suddenly, which sad event summoned him home on Monday.

Mr. McKeever took in the Closing exercises, being out of work three days on account of the weather spoiling brick drying.

The Columbus club showed up in New York City and Brooklyn last week; but had to be contented with small favors shown them—one game won from each—the Metropolitans and Brooklyn.

Mr. A. B. Greener returned from his trip to Wheeling on Friday, having had a very pleasant visit with Mr. and Mrs. Steenrod and Mr. and Mrs. Frazier.

The great Robinson Circus show had a gorgeous parade here Saturday morning, passing by your correspondent's residence on Oak Street.

Mrs. John A. Lynn is back home from Centre Lewis, O.

Mr. Schory came back from the West last Friday. He had been as far as Indianapolis, and having plenty of time to himself visited the State Institution there a few hours. If he understood right, Superintendent Glenn will retire from the office soon. Mr. Schory left on Saturday for his home in Minerva, O., where he will devote a month to harvesting.

Miss Bogle will spend a week with Mrs. McGregor, if the summer heat in Columbus does not affect her.

Mr. Ed. J. Scott has shut down his shop, and for the present forms one of the noble band of helpers at the Institution, and when his services are dispensed with, he proposes to rusticate in Van Wert, his home in Ohio.

NUMBER NINETY-FOUR.

National Convention Pamphlets.

As some persons whose names are not to be found on the list of members appended to the Report, have sent for a copy of the printed proceedings of the last National Convention, it becomes my duty, in answer to these requests, to quote the following letter from the Chairman of the National Executive Committee:

"221 E. 39TH STREET, NEW YORK, June 17, '84."

"MR. H. WHITE, MASS.—
"DEAR SIR:—The National Executive Committee resolved that members of the late National Convention of Deaf-Mutes be entitled to a copy of the reports of the late convention free of charge. Non-members are to be charged 15 cents a copy.

"Please carry out these instructions.

"Yours truly,
"THOS. A. FROELICH,
"Chairman National Executive Committee."

For the benefit of those members who have asked for several copies of the report, I desire it to be understood that I am not at liberty to forward more than one copy to a member, having received no instructions upon that point.

I shall be pleased to forward a copy of the report to any one under the conditions stated above.

HARRY WHITE,
Cor. Sec'y, N. D. M. C.

N. B.—After this date, please address me at No. 27 Avon Place, Boston Highlands, Mass.

The Journalistic Blackmailer.

He lives by getting the "deadwood" upon society. If there is any occurrence, mean or dishonest, which is aloof, he knows it. He lies in wait for that drifting mass, the vices of society. He is, oftentimes, the valued property of journalism, and has become a power in society. With his eyes and his thoughts ever upon the vile things of this earth, he has gathered secrets which, if revealed, would make hearts both ache and break, and homes utterly desolate of love.—H. G. Cutler in *The Century*.

NEW YORK.

The Strawberry Festival.

DEATH OF JOHN WITSCHIEF.

BRIEFS.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The Strawberry and Ice Cream Festival of the Guild of Silent Workers, of New York City, was almost, if not quite as successful as the New England party.

About one hundred and twenty persons were present, almost all of whom were deaf-mutes.

The Gallaudet Club was well represented, the Manhattan Literary Association was there in force, while the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union increased the number in attendance by about a dozen.

Revs. Dr. Gallaudet, Krans, Chamberlain and Colt, who compose the body of ecclesiastics who minister to the spiritual wants of the flock that seeks grace and faith at St. Ann's, mingled among the throng with an urbanity that was as entertaining as it was becoming.

One of the professors of the Lexington Avenue School was there, accompanied by a couple of young lady pupils.

But the place of greatest attraction was the corner where reposed the luscious strawberry and congealed sweetness which was to play such an important part in the entertainment.

Here the dainty fingers of the deaf-mute lady attendants spread devastation through huge mountains of cake and strawberries, and demolished the contents of the ice-cream freezers with celerity and grace, and with beaming smiles tripped to and fro to the guests, with saucers overflowing as they never overflowed at any other festival of the kind on record. The ladies who dispensed the good cheer were: Mrs. Hattie Bailey, Mrs. S. M. Brown, Mrs. Charles Bryan, Mrs. Frank Roberts, and Misses Felver, Berley and Noble.

The door to the refreshment room was guarded by Mr. S. M. Brown, who demanded a "refreshment" coupons of every one who sought to enter. The plan frustrated all who tried to enter twice, but it was not altogether a success, as all the young and handsome deaf-mute men found no difficulty in persuading the kind-hearted and impressionable "waiters" to fill their platters more than once. Mr. George Lucius Reynolds acted the usher to perfection, and was particularly attentive and gracious towards the fair sex.

Mr. W. G. Pownall took the tickets at the door, but was quite reticent as to the number taken in.

During the evening, Miss Florence H. Jones, at the request of Dr. Gallaudet, repeated in signs the Lord's Prayer. Her rendering was clear and graceful, and produced by its solemnity and earnestness, a marked impression upon all present.

The entertainment ended with a few remarks, and afterwards prayer, by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet.

Most of the mutes were surprised and shocked to hear of the sudden death of Mr. John Witschief.

On Monday evening, June 16th, Mr. Witschief complained of having a headache. His wife, thinking to make him comfortable, offered him a cooling drink. He drank the contents of the tumbler, handed it back, then in a moment expired.

John Witschief was a graduate of the New York Institution, and a member of the Class of 1861. After leaving school, he engaged in printing, and with two other deaf-mutes, Messrs. Blakeman and Pensenheim, opened a job printing office in Centre Street, New York City. The business did not prosper, and he succeeded in getting a clerkship in the United States Treasury, in Washington, where he remained two or three years.

He next secured a position as a clerk in the New York Custom House, which he continued to hold until the time of his death, a period of about eighteen years. In 1869 he joined his fortunes with Miss J. E. Arnold, who had graduated from the New York Institution three years previously, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet performing the marriage ceremony. They have had three children, all of whom died in infancy. Besides his wife, Mr. Witschief leaves two deaf-mute brothers, George and Peter, who sorrow for his loss, and who can meet him no more until they take that mysterious journey to where time is merged into eternity.

The funeral services were held in St. Ann's Church, on Thursday, June 19th. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet officiated, assisted by Rev. John Chamberlain (who accompanied the remains to the cemetery), and Rev. Mr. Colt. A great many deaf-mutes were present, and took a last look at what remained of their departed brother, the casket being opened for that purpose immediately after the service. The interment took place at Greenwood Cemetery. The floral offerings were very handsome, one being an anchor beneath which was a pillow with the word "rest" in violets. This was contributed by brother clerks at the Custom House. Another handsome floral offering was presented by deaf-mute friends. It is stated that Mrs. Witschief was made the recipient of a purse containing nearly one hundred

dollars, donated by the Custom House clerks.

So passed away a good-hearted, well-intentioned, popular deaf-mute, a man for whom no one has ever had any but a kindly word. Called away in a moment by the unexpected summons which sooner or later, comes to all who dwell on this earth, let us hope he is now in that land of eternal joy which awaits those who believe in Him who tasted death that all the world might live.

"Oh! let us trust, with holy men of old, Not all the story here begun is told; So the tired spirit waiting to be freed, On life's last leaf, with tranquil eye, shall read, By the pale glimmer of the torch reversed, Not finish, but the end of Volume First."

BRIEFS.

Edward Dundon, the deaf-mute base ball player, was at the entertainment given in St. Ann's, on Wednesday of last week.

Messrs. Soper and Heyman were at Coney Island last Thursday.

The paragraph in the communication of the Columbus correspondent of the JOURNAL in last week's issue in reference to the release of Dundon, was shown to the manager of the club. Upon reading it, the manager looked uncomfortable, and said the reason Dundon did not play, was because he had no one to catch for him. As soon as a catcher can be secured able to catch for Dundon, things will be livelier.

The medals to be offered by the Brooklyn Society for the winner of the games to be contested at its picnic, are to be made by Lennon of Fulton Street, New York.

"Dude" Donohue has eclipsed Jas. Lloyd, Jr., who formerly was No. 1.

A member of the Catholic Literary Benevolent Association, J. H. Leonard, undertook to spect Roton Point one day last week, with in out first finding out it exact locality. He seemed to be laboring under a fit of mental abstraction, like the absent minded man who who bought a banana on Fulton Street, and after pulling off the skin threw the fruit into a convenient ash barrel, and only found he was trying to chew the leather-like skin after going a block. John Henry gleefully crossed the Hunter's Point Ferry and purchased a ticket for some out-of-the-way place, he cannot exactly remember. He arrived there late in the afternoon, and asked a Queen County eld hopper the nearest way to Roton Point. The rustic was astonished, but wrote "One mile." John cheerfully plodded on, but on arriving at the next village, got disgusted and decided to start home on the next train. The "next train" came along at 12:30 a.m., and Johnny arrived in the city at 4 a.m. the next morning, and on the following Sunday wrathfully asked the Chairman of the Excursion Committee where under the sun was Roton Point, and at the same time, poured forth his adventures. He was informed that he ought to have taken the N. Y. N. H. & H. R. R., and then tried to bribe the chairman to say nothing about it, but, somehow, the old thing has got floating around, and John Henry wishes he could club himself as he views his sunburnt nose and battered face in the mirror, the combined influence of Old Sol's rays, and the results of trying to go to sleep in a Long Island railroad car.

At Rest.

Died, at the family residence, 316 Randolph St., Detroit, Mich., June 13th, at 2:30 p.m., Elsie Fairbairn, aged forty-nine years and eleven months.

Miss Fairbairn was born in Lower Canada, July 14th, 1834. Her parents removed to Detroit in 1837, where the family has since resided, and is well-known and highly respected.

Deaf from her birth, Miss Fairbairn had not the educational advantages possessed by the mutes of to-day, and she was eighteen years of age ere she entered school. She and Mrs. Kerr, wife of the artist, formerly of Detroit, but now of Jackson, were among the first pupils at the Michigan Institution at Flint, remaining seven years.

For two years past, she had been an invalid, and on Sunday, May 18th, she was stricken with paralysis, losing the use of the right side, and, being unable to talk with her left hand, hardly said another word until the day of her death. She was an earnest Christian, and nothing seemed to please her better than to have some one talk to her of "That sweet story of old."

The funeral took place at the residence, Sunday, June 15th, at 2:30 p.m. Quite a number of mutes were present, six of whom acted as pall-bearers—Messrs. Ranspach, Kerr, Hunter, Perry, Robinson and Gotwirth. The burial was private, only relatives of the deceased, and a few of her mute friends accompanying the remains to their last resting place.

The obsequies at the house were largely attended, the house being crowded, and many beautiful baskets and bouquets of flowers told more eloquently than words of the regard in which the deceased was held. The features were a peaceful, happy expression, which was generally remarked. The casket was a very handsome one, and on it were a large floral pillow with the one tender word, "Sister" across it, from her sister and three brothers, and other handsome floral offerings.

The many relatives present at the funeral, and who sorrowfully followed the departed one to Elmwood Cemetery, made quite a procession of themselves. At the grave the nephews and nieces of the deceased each dropped a bouquet of flowers in the open grave. The minister said, "She was a mute, but she had the love of God within her soul."

A FRIEND.

DETROIT, June 18, '84.

FANWOOD.

The Last Week of School.

HOW IT WAS PASSED.

Floatings.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

By the time the readers of the JOURNAL are perusing this article (if peruse it they do), the halls of Fanwood will be well-nigh deserted. The year just closed has been a prosperous one—prosperous in the results achieved in the educational and part of the industrial departments. The graduating class, with an exception or two, leaves the Institution fully competent to benefit the world and do honor to its *Alma Mater*. These young men and women who are standing, as it were, on the threshold of life, are extremely fortunate in possessing not only a good education, but a knowledge of some industry which will enable them at once to occupy positions of usefulness and trust. If gratitude dwells within the human breast, surely the Class of '84 are grateful for the many advantages enjoyed while under instruction here.

FLOATINGS.

Gold badges, excellent in design and beautiful in workmanship, have been ordered by the Class of '84. The Class colors are white and blue.

Mr. John H. Dundon and a Mr. Comstock, who lives in Norwich, Ct., both of the National Deaf-Mute College, dropped in on Tuesday of last week. John made his presence felt by a crocodile grip of the hand.

On Wednesday evening of last week, after the High Class boys had been examined, Supervisor Stowell obtained the consent of the Superintendent and the whole class rowed over to Fort Lee and visited adjacent places of interest. A most enjoyable time was had, and the party reached the Institution at half-past ten.

Many of the pupils, both male and female, had planned to be present at the Strawberry and Ice Cream Festival given by the Guild of Silent Workers on the 18th inst., but somehow Theodore I. Lounsbury was the only one who went. It was to be regretted, for aside from encouraging a worthy charity, it was a most enjoyable affair in every particular.

William F. Durian, William H. Fosmire, Fred W. Baars and Frank Jourdan, will in all probability remain and work in the printing office throughout the vacation. A printer could not desire a more delightful place to work during the hot months of July and August than at Fanwood. As has been frequently observed by different persons, it is indeed a pity that the vacation could not take place during some other season of the year, as at the present time everything in and about the Institution appears to the best advantage.

Walter L. Bingham has been chosen Class Ivy Orator, and Miss Georgie Decker's fair hands will plant the emblem of future weal or woe. We understand that Miss Decker contemplates returning to school for another year in order to make up for time unavoidably lost at home.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet remained over night at the Institution Thursday last. During a conversation, he remarked that he had married seven hundred couples.

Prof. Gamage has made up his mind to cross the Atlantic again in July. He will sail on the fastest steamship afloat—the "America" of the National Line—which, last week, made the passage from New York to Queens-town in the unprecedented time of 6 days, 14 hours and 18 minutes. It is said that this vessel rolls and pitches considerably more than its rivals, the Oregon and Alaska, but this fact troubles the Professor very little, as he is an "old sea dog," and can preserve his equilibrium in the roughest of weather. This will make the ninth time that Mr. Gamage has crossed the ocean.

A new fence is in course of erection across the lawn in front of the main building, and in consequence the thoroughfare leading to the West End Hotel is closed. It is said that ground will be broken between the stables and shops for a new road, in about three months.

Rev. Mr. Reed, of the Church of the Intercession, Washington Heights, N. Y., examined the male division of the High Class, and we are informed that the result was highly satisfactory. Dr. Peet's closing sermon, delivered in the chapel Sunday last, was, as usual, full of interest and replete with sound, practical truths.

Mr. Clontz, foreman of the shoe shop at the North Carolina Institution, called on his friends, Messrs. Miller and Bingham, the middle of last week. He will be present at the closing exercises, and expects to remain north a couple of weeks. He informs us that if the Directors of his school do not raise his salary in the fall, he will resign and go into business for himself.

No little excitement was produced among the pupils at about half-past seven Thursday evening last, by the announcement that a dead body was floating in the river about two miles away. The crew of the Evangeline was soon pulling towards the supposed corpse, but upon arriving within plain view, were agreeably surprised to find it to be the carcass of a cow.

The ceremonies attendant to the planting of the Class Ivy were exceedingly impressive this year. Mr. Walter L. Bingham was the orator of the occasion, and Miss Georgie Decker planted the ivy. Following was the oration:

"To my dear classmates and schoolmates:—
May this auspicious occasion, which we know will be the last we, as participants, will ever witness again together, be ever as green in your memory as the leaves upon the historic plant we commit to the bosom of its mother Earth to-day. Let us trust that the ivy, so promising now in its appearance and so bright in its effects, may remain ever so. Let us trust that the changing seasons will deal kindly with it, sympathizing with it in its present frailty, exorcising the same care and patience as a mother does with her first born, and ever afterwards nourishing and fostering its growth, so that when we shall, God willing, in the coming years, visit again the historic and pleasant scenes of our beloved *Alma Mater*, we will find it a sturdy plant, and its foliage as green as it shines upon us to-day. May it entwine its affectionate tendrils in loving embrace over the ample and future we have allotted to it to-day, alongside of many companions placed here by our beloved schoolmates of former years, with the same wishes for its prosperity and its growth, and its store for us in the distant and uncertain future. Patience comes from submitting to frequent disappointments, as surely as skill is the result of practice. There is not a difficulty that we can overcome at the first trial, but there is hardly any that by exercising patience and forethought we can not overcome in the end."

"Let it to us be a reminder of our own existence. For we can no more foretell its fate than the present enables us to gain a true idea of what our own will be."

"Storms will assail it, and the winds will endeavor to lay it low, yet it may pass through all this, I sincerely hope, as its companions have done, and overcome the more able to withstand the same treatment. Let us, therefore, stand the same adversity by accustoming us to trials and misfortunes renders us more qualified to both meet and overcome whatever of the same nature Dame Fortune may send us. There is in the dice and uncertain future. Patience comes from submitting to frequent disappointments, as surely as skill is the result of practice. There is not a difficulty that we can overcome at the first trial, but there is hardly any that by exercising patience and forethought we can not overcome in the end."

"Bear this carefully in your minds in your battle with the world."

"Don't be hasty in your decisions, and by all means never overlook little things. Attention to these things has made the world what it is. Again, never miss or fail to take advantage of the opportunities that may be thrown in your way. It has been simply by following this advice that men have made their fortunes, or gained the estimation of their fellow men. There is always an opportunity offered to every one of us, which taken advantage of, will lead us to success. One opportunity missed, it is rare for another to present itself. Be ever vigilant, and for us, let us patience that you find to be the main cause of the success of those around you."

"Be ever upright and honest in your purpose, and let your desires be first and just. A good deal of self-denial must be exercised. You will desire to overcome the petty annoyances you will meet with, so as to be proof against them should they again present themselves in your path."

"Remember that you go forth into the world carrying with you the well wishes of those from whom you are now about to part. Endeavor to decide upon a course of life, and make it your aim to do your best to succeed in it. Follow the precepts of your teachers, and of those who have had your interest at heart as much as their own. You leave these historic walls with a good education and a thorough knowledge of the world, and in all other respects prepared to paddle your own canoe through life."

"The time has passed when our common affliction was thought of as a burden from which we now stand, and let us part with kind feelings for each other's success. The ties that have connected us together so long are about to be broken, ere this happens, let us try to be one and all, however, great the effort, God's blessing be with you, and farewell."

Mr. M. A. Dowling, of St. Joseph's School, Westchester, N. Y., called Friday.

On Monday, June 15th, the graduating members of the High Class took part in a competitive examination for the Holbrook gold medal, under the direction of Professors Clarke, Currier and Fox. The competitors were Messrs. Walter L. Bingham, George S. Porter, Arthur L. Thomas, Theodore I. Lounsbury, Anthony Capelli and Dennis Sullivan. They were examined in all the studies embraced in the curriculum of the High Class, including Latin, Arithmetic, Logic, Moral Science, English Grammar, Rhetoric, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Physics, Physical Geography, History of England and Vegetable Physiology. Walter L. Bingham proved the victor, his combined average in the twelve studies being 23½ out of a possible 30. George S. Porter was second with 22, and Arthur L. Thomas third with 20.

Supervisor Howell's vacation begins on June 30th. He will spend about three weeks on the Thorne farm in St. Andrews, N. Y.

Peter Buttery will spend his vacation with John Glass, on his father's farm, in Queens Co., Long Island. He will learn farming, and both hope to have a pleasant time.

Charles D. Newton, Wm. Bast Magill, Frank Penrose and Ed. Heller, visited Fanwood the first of the week.

The last meeting of the Peet Literary Society on Friday evening, was wound up with an ice cream party. Prof. Clarke and Alex. L. Pach, who were in attendance, made speeches.

CHP.

Women in the Mints.

The "adjusting rooms" of the United States mints are occupied solely by women, who sit in high chairs before tables, marble-topped, and protected at the edges with bands of leather. Their tools are a pair of scales for weighing the money, sets of tin bowls to put it in, and a file. The round pieces of unst

CINCINNATI.

Ho! for the Picnic, July 17.

BASE BALL.

Miscellaneous Personal Cossip.

(From our Cincinnati Correspondent)

The annual picnic to be given by the Anderson Society, at Bellevue House, on Thursday, July 17th, promises to be as big a one as ever. Many mites from abroad have promised to be present. The following are the committee to manage the picnic: Henry Barles, Chairman; Jos. Vance, A. Rembeck, Jos. Luning, O. Vance, John Schutte, P. Thines, F. Reiker, John Barrie, Chas. Binz, Jesse Hoagland.

Last Wednesday, we had the pleasure of shaking hands with R. P. McGregor in this city. He brought a lot of pupils from the Columbus School, and saw them safe in the hands of their parents and guardians. After one day's visit to his friends, he returned home last night.

At a raffle for a box of cigars (ten cents a chance), belonging to the society, left over from the ball last February, Miss Emilie Wolski won the box. As she does not smoke, she sold it to a gentleman member, making ninety cents on the speculation. Jay Gould would turn green with envy at this brilliant speculation.

Wm. Gould, a speaking brother of Miss Hattie Gould, died recently of consumption. Mrs. Swen, another mate sister, living in Amelia, O., was present at the funeral.

Last Sunday afternoon, nine mutes of this city formed themselves into a club and went to Norwood, an suburban village, and played a game of base ball with a speaking nine of that village. The mutes won by a score of 24 to 27. The following names composed the mute club: Henry Barles, John Hahn, John Schutte, Henry Bush, Harry Ross, Fred Freers, John W. Ross, Chas. Wooley, and Billy Bush, a speaking brother of Henry. They will play another game at the same place, next Sunday afternoon.

Arcene Rembeck delivered an interesting lecture before the society last Saturday night. His subject was "Forty Thieves."

At the next meeting of the society, there will be a debate between Otis Vance and Jesse Hoagland, the subject being "Protection vs. Free Trade." Mr. Vance upholds Free Trade, and Mr. Hoagland Protection.

Our genial friend, George Schofield, of Danville, Ky., has been empowered by the Legislature with authority to solemnize marriages. As he is a graceful sign-maker, we hope he will have numerous calls, and become wealthy from fees.

Miss Maggie Morin is back at home from a week's jaunt to the country.

John Barrie breathed fresh air in the country last Sunday.

Otis Vance caught spring fever two weeks ago, and hid himself away to the woods and wrote poetry with singing birds over his head. He is now at work again, and his body machinery is in good running order.

John Lampean, who learned A. B. C. at the Columbus School, some ten years ago, is now working in a cooper shop in Sedamsville.

The little daughter of Martin Turner is on the sick list.

The house of Robert D. Lee, of Colorado City, Texas, was washed away by the flood two weeks ago. All the furniture went off, and Robert saved a few things and a trunk, and bought new furniture, and proceeded to keep house in another place.

MERCURY.

6-20-84.

NEWARK SOCIETY.

The Newark Deaf-Mute Literary Association, will hold their First Annual Picnic, on July 4th, at Northfield, N. J. They have engaged stages to carry those who wish to join. The distance is about twelve miles from Newark.

The stage will be in readiness at Military Park, near Trinity Church, at 8 o'clock, and will leave for Northfield, N. J., at 8:15 sharp. Those who wish to participate should take the 7:30 o'clock train from Jersey City, by way of Pennsylvania Railroad for Newark, stopping at Centre St., the first station in Newark, which will arrive in time for the stage to start for the picnic grounds. A Committee will be stationed at the Depot to wait as our escort. Tickets can be had of the following Committee: George L. Reynolds, 292 Jay Street, Brooklyn, and James D. Shelton, 227 West 31st Street, New York. No tickets will be sold after July 1st, as it takes a certain number to engage a stage. Those who wish to participate should buy their ticket immediately. The association has adjourned for the summer season, and will meet again on the first Thursday in September, when a new hall is to be engaged.

There are thoughts, my friend, that a lustre lend
To the darkest day of sorrow;
There's a hope that cheers through the saddest
Even.
Of the most remote to-morrow.
The joys we have known have forever flown,
Yet we cling to our lost desires,
As a perfect rose in its splendor glows
From a clump of thorny briars.
—Eugene J. Pail.

THE MACKAY INSTITUTION.

ANNUAL EXAMINATION OF THE DEAF-MUTES—SATISFACTORY RESULTS OF THE SYSTEM ADOPTED—THE PROGRESS OF ARTICULATION EXHIBITED.

Montreal Gazette, June 17.

Yesterday morning, the annual examination of the pupils of the Mackay Deaf and Dumb Institution was held in the large hall in that building. A large number of ladies and gentlemen were present and took a lively interest in the proceedings. The Rev. Canon Norman presided, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. Barclay, Barnes and J. Edgar Hill. The examination commenced with the infant class, composed of three pupils, who showed a very good knowledge of nouns and adjectives. The junior class then underwent a most creditable examination in writing, arithmetic and composition. In the second class, composed of thirteen pupils, the examination was in arithmetic, Bible history and Latham's 1st and 2nd Reader, as well as in composition. In all these subjects the pupils acquitted themselves in such a manner as to do honor to themselves and credit to their tutors. The calligraphy, it may be said, was on the whole excellent, and in the majority of cases would compare favorably with the performances in that line of the pupils of any school in the city. Two little blind boys, brothers, then gave short recitations, while the elder one read with great fluency a composition from a raised letter book. The third was the next called. The points on which pupils were examined were Bible history, arithmetic, grammar, geography, and composition, and in all these they exhibited a thorough knowledge of the subjects. In the examination of the second division of the same class, in reading, English history, grammar, analysis, geography, Bible history, composition and arithmetic, the pupils acquitted themselves in a most satisfactory manner. The most important feature in the proceedings was an exhibition of articulation by some of the pupils, which really astonished all present, so natural was the pronunciation of certain words and sentences written on the blackboard by Miss McGann, the lady superintendent. Two of the young lady pupils not only pronounced in a clear manner several sentences, but they also could read from the motion of Miss McGann's lips the words which that lady uttered. As a proof of this, the superintendent, without making any motion whatever, requested one of the young ladies, Miss Macfarlane, to take a crayon, break it in two, give one half to the Rev. Canon Norman, and place the other half on the window sill, which she at once did. The system of articulation adopted in the institute is Belle's, and the progress made by the pupils must be encouraging to the devoted teachers, whose duties must have been most onerous in thus bringing about such happy results.

The Rev. Canon Norman said he was glad to see such a large number present. Owing to ill health, Mr. Widd, the superintendent, was obliged to resign during the year, but the speaker trusted that Mr. Widd's name would be always remembered by the friends and pupils of the institute. Since the resignation, Miss McGann had held the position of superintendent, and well and faithfully had she performed the duties of that position, and went to show that Miss McGann and her assistants had been most successful in their aim towards perfecting the education of the pupils. Although Mr. Mackay had handed over the institution, means were still always necessary to defray the expenses of the institution which had, up to the present, been supported by private subscriptions. He trusted that before long some generous soul would endow the institution. In concluding he wished it to be understood that the institute was non-denominational, in so far as Christian churches were concerned; in fact, it was, in the true sense of the word, Catholic. For the coming year Mr. Ashcroft would be the head male teacher.

The Rev. James Barclay said he knew from experience that no position required more patience than that of a teacher of deaf-mutes. The teachers, however, had the satisfaction of learning that deaf and dumb pupils, as a rule, were more studious than others who were not afflicted either with the loss of speech or hearing.

The Rev. Canon Norman then proceeded to present the prizes as follows:—

INFANT CLASS.
Carrie Brothour, 1st prize for being a good little girl.

FIRST CLASS—Eva Jamieson, 1st prize for general improvement; Winnie Gale, ditto; Walter Axtle, strict adherence to rules and good conduct; Fred Williams, good conduct; Willie Loman, 1st in arithmetic and language; Wm. Garland, application; James Goodfellow, good conduct; Edith Wiggitt, 1st in language and articulation.

SECOND CLASS—Charles Hopkins, 1st prize, poise and good conduct; Edith Stanley, 1st in letter writing and personal neatness; John McDonald, 1st in composition and language; Ida Barrie, 1st in domestic economy; Norman Wilson, 1st in Bible history and arithmetic; Albert Morrison, 1st prize for industry; Annie Nichol, 1st in penmanship and sewing; Alexander Stewart, reading and arithmetic; Albert Stewart, for being a good little boy.

THIRD CLASS—Frank Wiggitt, 1st in composition, language, articulation and speech reading; Charles Wickens, 1st in composition and diction; John Brothour, 1st in good conduct; Harriet Reeves, 1st in general improvement; Nellie Jones, 1st in composition, French and good conduct; Willie Patterson, 1st in arithmetic and geography.

THIRD CLASS (Second Division)—Jessie Macfarlane, 1st in French, Canadian history, Bible history, grammar, dictionary and algebra; Arthur Charters, 1st in French, arithmetic, grammar and good conduct; Charles Meely, 1st in composition, Bible history and drawing; Emma Van Vliet, 1st in general proficiency and amiability.

This brought the proceedings to a close, after which the visitors were shown through the building, where everything depicted perfect comfort and cleanliness. A number of sam-

ples of drawing, printing, plain and fancy work by the pupils were exhibited, and attracted quite a number of the lady visitors, who expressed themselves as highly pleased with the articles submitted to their inspection. On the whole, the proceedings of the day were most satisfactory, and gave proof that the Mackay Institute, which now numbers on its list 45 pupils, is on the onward march towards assured and permanent success.

DEAF AND DUMB.

(Fairbairn Democrat, June 13.)

The closing exercises of the twenty-first year of the State School for the Deaf and Dumb took place in the chapel of that institution, Tuesday afternoon last, June 10th, under the direction of Prof. J. L. Noyes, superintendent, and proved exceedingly interesting and pleasant. The chapel was prettily ornamented with ferns and forest leaves, and on the wall at the rear of the platform in sprays of ferns was the motto, "No Pains, No Gains," 1884.

There were nine members of the graduating class this year. Their names, place of residence and the trades they have learned while in the institution, are as follows: Mary E. Graham, dressmaker and seamstress, Minneapolis; Hennepin Co.; Sigrid B. Bergwall, dressmaker and seamstress, Stark, Chicago Co.; Bertha Frick, dressmaker and seamstress, Watertown, Carver Co.; Cadwallader L. Washburn, printer, Minneapolis; Hennepin Co.; John Schwartz, printer, Wabasha, Wabasha Co.; Harper A. Shauks, printer, Fairmont, Martin Co.; Charles Thompson, printer, St. Paul, Ramsey Co.; Edward Gunderson, tailor, Fairbault, Rice Co.; Gottlieb Nesser, shoemaker, Mendota, Dakota Co.

The dresses worn by young lady graduates, all in good taste and neatly made, were the work of their own hands, this fact adding no small part to the interest of the occasion, as it was proof positive that the Fairbairn Institute for the education of the deaf and dumb does the work it promises to do—viz., Educate the children entrusted to its care, and teach them a trade by which they become self-supporting and valuable members of society.

The programme of exercises was as follows:

WELCOME—Oral Address—Robert Moxley
FIRST STEPS—By Pupils of Primary Class
COMPOSITION—Olof Norling, Tutor
COMPOSITION—Wm. E. P. McWorter, Teacher
LITTLE THINGS—In Signs—Gottlieb Nesser
COMPOSITION—Myra Gage and M. Peterson
COMPOSITION—Charles Thompson
THE NERVOUS TRAVELLER—Anthony Vogt
COMPOSITION—The Seasons—Bertha Frick
Exercises in Articulation—Misses Bengall and Courkian
ESSAY—"A Mother's Influence"—Signed B. Bergwall
COMPOSITION—James A. Garfield
THE BEE-HIVE—Pantomime—John McNeil
ESSAY—Stepping Stones—Mary E. Graham
THE WONDERFUL WORLD—Misses Bengall and Courkian
ESSAY—"No Pains, No Gains"—Cadwallader L. Washburn
"THE SEVEN AGES"—In Signs—Charles Thompson
ESSAY—"Time, with Valeriot"—John Shwitz
PSALM OF LIFE—Longfellow—By the Graduates

The essays, all original efforts, were rendered in the deaf and dumb language, and then read to the audience by the teachers, and all of them compared more than favorably with similar efforts on the part of graduates possessed of all their senses, showing careful thought, original ideas and good understanding of the language.

The diplomas and certificates were conferred by Bishop Whipple with brief but appropriate remarks, which were translated to the pupils by Prof. Noyes. The Bishop said he had watched the growth and progress of the school from its foundation with much interest and anxiety, and was glad to say that it had done all and more than was anticipated, thanks to its wise and generous management.

The annual address was delivered by the Rev. J. H. Tuttle, D.D., of Minneapolis, and was able, interesting and instructive. Remarks were made by Hon. R. A. Mott, secretary of the board of trustees, who mentioned the fact of the institution having reached its majority, and its success and grand work, so speedily realized and so thoroughly done, filled his heart beyond the power of expression.

Mr. H. H. Hart, secretary of the state board of charities, who was present, spoke briefly to the pupils and audience, and took the occasion to explain the difference between an asylum, as this institution was formerly called, and the present and proper name of this State charity which is a school for the education of the deaf. An asylum is a place of refuge where people, not self supporting or capable of self care, are taken and provided for. This institution is a State school, provided by the State for the purpose of educating and making self supporting all the unfortunates entrusted to its care.

The exercises concluded with the recitation of the Lord's Prayer by one of the young lady pupils, and so closed the best and most prosperous year at one of the chief and most useful of the State institutions of learning.

NOTICE.

The Rev. Mr. Colt expects to hold services in the sign-language on Sunday, June 29th, in the chapel of Christ Church, Division Ave., near Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, E. D., at half past ten o'clock in the morning, and in St. Andrew's Church, corner of 127th St., and 4th Ave., Harlem, at half past two o'clock in the afternoon.

E. ELLSWORTH.

A VERMONT LADY'S EXPERIENCE WITH THE MANSCRIPT FRAUD.

From the Detroit Free Press.
That pestilential swindler, E. Ellsworth, alias Williams & Bros., alias the J. N. Williams Printing House, 678 Michigan avenue, is still playing his confidence games on gullible writers of stories and sketches, but suckers are not biting his illy-concealed hook as freely as they were. Nevertheless, this swindler of women still manages to keep the wolf from the door of his cottage at the corner of Bag and Fifteenth streets. Here is his advertisement that is now to be found in some of the country and religious papers:

AUTHORS who have books to publish please write us brief description of same, giving title, scope and size.
Wanted—Two or three good contributors to new magazine. Fair remuneration. Address THE J. N. WILLIAMS PRINTING HOUSE, 678 Michigan avenue, Detroit, Mich.

This caught the eye of a Vermont lady, and she sent a manuscript story to the above number on Michigan avenue, which, by the way, is a paint and wall paper store. Some days later she received the following type-writer letter:

DEAR MADAM—Your letter to the Williams Printing House has been duly received, and we have made arrangements to get your matter through our hands. We sent circular, and if you like the terms, we will be glad to see your work, and assist in its sale if found available.
Respectfully,
E. ELLSWORTH.

Inclosed in the same envelope was the following communication, which he keeps in stock and is his last devised lure:

Since finishing your letter we had a call from one of our largest Eastern buyers, on his way home from Chicago. While looking over MSS. sent to him, he was struck by the excellence of yours from the reviewer's study, and we handed it to him. After an attentive examination he asked what we were going to do with it. We told him it would probably be rewritten at an early day either here or by the author. He then requested that it be sent to him as soon as ready for the press. He is one of our heaviest buyers and his book is as good as gold in place. There is no better judge of popular literature in the United States. He thinks well of the "ground work" of your story, but he thinks we regret that it is not ready to be sent to him with him to-day. He asked its price when revised, and said not a word against it when we mentioned the same figures we gave you.

Hurriedly

Also the following, which the unwary would naturally enough suppose to be a clipping from some newspaper in reply to an inquiry by a correspondent. It is, however, printed on slips expressly for him, probably by the J. N. Williams Printing House, 678 Michigan avenue:

PETERKEY, MICH.—E. Ellsworth is perfectly reliable. We have known him ever since he opened his office here in 1877 or 1878. If he says your story is worth rewriting we have no doubt that it is. The fact that he desires to place anything to do with your first article satisfies us that it was either worthless or not suited to the wants of his customers. The Christmas story in our column which you submitted to us was purchased from him, and written by a lady at Lansing. 2. Two prices paid for literary matter depend on the reputation, ability and influence of the author. There are no set rates. 3. Scott realized more for his works than any other writer of the English language.

This lady, however, was thoughtful enough to write to the Free Press before sending any money to the swindler. The following letter was received at this office on Thursday last:

NORTHFIELD, Vt., June 9, 1884.
DEAR SIR—Your letter and copy of the Free Press received; many thanks your courtesy. The enclosed advertisement which appeared in "Zion's Herald" of April 9 attracted my attention. I wrote to the J. N. Williams Printing House, hoping the aim and scope of the new magazine, etc. The enclosed reply came from E. Ellsworth, accompanied by the circular. Its yellow cover, the smooth-faced picture, the slipper assurance that the business was started and maintained solely to assist struggling authors, were all so suggestive of butter that I could fancy E. Ellsworth sitting in his "private office," skimming in hand, ready to take off whatever cream might rise to the top of his venture.

I sent him a story—thirty-six pages—and a copy of the Free Press, and received from him \$60 to \$62, revised fee \$10. Now I did not want that Eastern buyer cheated, as he must be if he paid that price for a story that required \$10 worth of "prinking," etc. Besides, after such thorough revision I concluded there could nothing remain of it, save the somewhat suggestive title "Pivots." Accordingly I sent stamps for its return, with no expectation of ever seeing it again since, having failed to receive the \$100, he will be likely to return the stamps. Is there no law in Michigan to give him a still smaller "private office," where he could transact business for the State?

Second Annual Pic-nic.

TO BE GIVEN BY THE
PAS-A-PAS CLUB,
OF CHICAGO,
SATURDAY, July 5th, 1884.

At Woodlawn, in the South Park.
Admission, 25 Cents.

A chartered train will leave the Illinois Central R. R. Depot, foot of Lake Street, at 9 A.M. sharp. Railroad rates to Chicago and return will be cheap on account of our great Fourth of July and the National Democratic Convention, which meets in Chicago, July 8th.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, of New York, and Rev. Mr. Mann, of Cleveland, are expected to attend the Picnic as well as to conduct religious services at St. James Church the next day.

Several of the principals and superintendents of various institutions will probably be with us en route to the Fifth Conference of Principals and Superintendents, to be held at Fairbairn, Minn., July 9th.

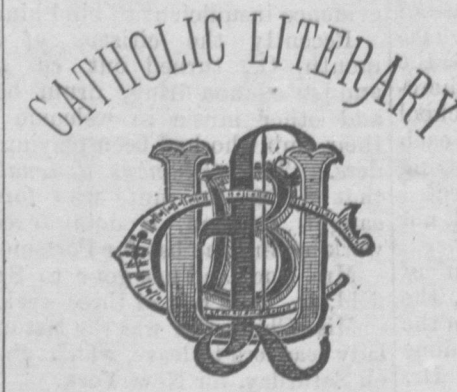
COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Geo. T. DOUGHERTY,
C. C. CODMAN,
E. D. KINGDON,
MATT MULLEN,
C. H. ANGLE.

For further information, address the Chairman, Geo. T. Dougherty, Chemical Office, Chicago S. & R. Co., or the Secretary, Matt Mullen, 3932 Lake Avenue, Chicago.

SECOND SEASON GRAND EXCURSION

OF THE



TO
ROTON POINT GROVE,
ON THE SOUND

"BRIGHTON OF THE EAST."
Thursday, August 21, 1884.

Saloon Steamer "Crystal Stream."



Leaves West 17th Street at 8 A.M. East 23d Street at 8:30 A.M. East 109th Street at 9 A.M.

MUSIC BY PROF. RICH E. SAUSE.

Tickets, adults, 50 cents each. Children under 12 years, 25 cents each.

Number of tickets limited, so as to avoid overcrowding.

Roton Point is on Long Island Sound, near Five Mile River, Conn., the Grove being close to the landing. Among the attractions are Surf and Still Water Bathing, there being a fine sandy beach the same as Coney Island and Rockaway, one hundred New Bathing Houses and New Bathing Suits. Sailboats and Row Boats and Excellent Fishing. Cool spring water in abundance. Tables for 2000 guests. Carrots and Crabs Swings. A large Dancing Pavilion, 60x100 feet, fronting the Sound, where there is always a cool and refreshing breeze. A Large Hotel, Restaurant and Pavilion, Ice Cream Saloon, Four Large Bowling Alleys, Photograph Gallery, Base Ball and Croquet Grounds, etc., etc. The trip to Roton Point by water is a delightful one, the Scenery being Romantic and charming.

The Society reserves the right to refuse admission to all objectionable persons.

Tickets can be had at the JOURNAL office and from Members of the Union.

GRANDEST OF THE SEASON.

COME ONE! COME ALL!
No Postponement on Account of the Weather.

FIRST ANNUAL PICNIC AND FESTIVAL OF THE

BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES,

TO BE HELD AT

EULER'S FAMOUS BROADWAY PARK, BROOKLYN,

ON THE AFTERNOON & EVENING OF SATURDAY, JULY 26, '84.

It is hardly necessary to say that the Committee have spared no pains to make it a most enjoyable affair. Every thing that is necessary to the success of a first class picnic, such as dancing, athletic games, swinging, bowling alley, shooting gallery, merry-go-round, shady walks, refreshments, etc., will be provided.

A first class band will be in attendance to discourtise choice selections of music.

There will be several contests in athletic games. Handsomely designed gold and silver medals will be awarded to the successful competitors. Any one wishing to enter the list as contestants, can do so by communicating with the Chairman of the Committee on Athletic Games, Alex. Dzenzendorf, 45 Hudson Avenue, Brooklyn, or No. 22 Fulton Street, New York City.

Following is the list of games. First race commences at 4 P.M. sharp:

100 yards run, } Open to all Amateurs.
1 mile walk, }
1 mile run, }
Boy's Race, 440 yards run—Open to Deaf-mutes only.

Entrance fee, 50 cents for each event.

FOUR PRIZES—Gold medal to first and silver medal to second, in each event, except in Boy's Race, where a handsome silver medal will be given.

Tickets, - - - - - 25 cts.
Children under 12, - - - - - Free.

DANCING TO COMMENCE AT 2.30 P.M.

The grounds can be reached from Fulton Ferry or the East River Bridge, by the Fulton Street via East New York cars. By the Grand St. and Williamsburg Ferries, by taking the Broadway via East New York cars.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.
HENRY L. JENNINGS, Chairman.
EDWARD MCCOY, ALF. DZENZENDORF,
CHARLES E. GREEN, J. P. LAMB,
HENRY HOEVEL, HENRY STENOGELE.

DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we propose to publish in this column, in ALPHABETICAL ORDER, a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes. Every organization is invited to send its card. Changes will be made as ordered by the Secretaries.

BALTIMORE DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

The Baltimore Deaf-Mute Association holds its meetings in rooms at the Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company Establishment, third floor, (entrance on Forrest St.) corner Gay and Forrest Sts. Regular meetings on every Wednesday evening at 8 P.M., for business only. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general are cordially invited to come in at any time of the day. The officers of the association are: President, Jas. H. Mooney; Vice-President, Wm. McElroy; Secretary, John A. Brandick; Corresponding Secretary, Chas. J. Forego; Treasurer, Harry J. Scott. The Association's address is 158 N. Chester St., Baltimore, Md., where all communications relating to the association should be addressed.

BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the Tuttle Building, 198 Grand Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. The officers of the Society are: William G. Fowall, President; Henry Stengele, First Vice President; Charles E. Green, Second Vice President; Thomas Godfrey, Secretary; Henry L. Jennings, Treasurer; Jacob Swartz, Corresponding Secretary. The Secretary's address is 31 Meeker Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A. of San Francisco. President, Theo. Grady; Secretary, Martin Aronson. Divine services, first and second Sundays at 11 A.M. Educational classes, Tuesday and Friday evenings, at 8 o'clock. Regular business meetings, first Thursday in every month. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general cordially invited. Corresponding Secretary's address, James P. Donohue, 371 Second Avenue, California.

CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, meets every Wednesday evening at 8 P.M. in the College Building of St. Francis Xavier, 30 West 14th Street. First and last meetings of the month for members only. Debates every second Wednesday. Lectures every third Wednesday. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general cordially invited. Corresponding Secretary's address, James P. Donohue, 371 Second Avenue.

CHICAGO MUTE CIRCLE.

The Chicago Mute Circle holds lecture meetings at Farwell Hall Building, 148 E. Madison Street, on the first and third Thursdays of each month, except July and August, at seven o'clock. The Circle holds Sabbath meetings at the same place on the second and fourth Sundays of each month, at three o'clock P.M. Lars M. Larson's P.O. address, Young Men's Christian Association office, Chicago, Illinois.

CINCINNATI ANDERSON SOCIETY.

The Cincinnati Anderson Deaf-Mute Society meets at the Young Men's Christian Association Rooms, Cor. 6th and Elm Street, first and third Saturdays, at 8 P.M. Officers: Henry Barles, President, and Jesse K. T. House, Secretary. Secretary's P. O. address is 71 Brecken Street, Covington, Ky.

CLEB LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Cleb Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Guild, meets every Thursday evening at 8 P.M. in the Parish Building (2nd floor) of St. Stephen's P. C. Church, 10th St. above Chestnut, with dates and subjects of lectures except 2nd Thursday of each September, 1st Thursday of December and March, and last Thursday of June, which are assigned for quarterly business meetings. The meetings are moral and intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of the members. George Slifer is President, and Abraham L. Manning Secretary, and the latter's address is No. 1022 Sarah St., Philadelphia, Pa.

PHILADELPHIA CATHOLIC LITERARY UNION.

The Catholic Literary Union of Deaf-Mutes meets every Tuesday evening at 8 P.M., in the large Philopatrian Hall, which is situated at 12th St., below Walnut St., front second floor. Last Thursday in every month for business meetings only. Strangers in town are cordially invited. Thomas Conroy is President, and Edward Carr is Secretary.

ST. LOUIS CLUB.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club holds its meetings in room 8, third floor, Bryant & Stratton's Business College Building, corner of Market and Chestnut Streets (opposite the Court House). Regular meetings on the second Saturday of each month, for business only. The reading room, well equipped with daily and Sunday papers, is at the club's own expense, is open to members and their friends at all times. The purposes of the Club are principally of a social nature, but the literary advancement of St. Louis deaf-mutes and ladies will not be neglected. Lectures will be announced by the President from time to time, and all are welcome on such occasions. Strangers in town are cordially invited to come in at any time of the day, and make themselves at home in the club rooms. Officers: President, W. E. Guss; Vice-President, William Stafford; Treasurer, William Campbell; Secretary, Fred Lamb; Sergeant-at-Arms, John Campbell. Secretary's address, 112 Chestnut Street, St. Louis, Mo.

THE BAY STATE DEAF-MUTE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

The Deaf-Mute Christian Mission holds its meetings every Tuesday evening at 8 P.M. Its object is as follows: To encourage the formation of union societies, for the mutual benefit of all, in their respective localities, and to interest all deaf-mutes in the work of the Christian Church. To assist in giving extra services to such local union societies who are in need of more services than they can maintain themselves. Its officers are as follows: W. E. Guss, President; James P. Donohue, Secretary, and John T. Tillghast, Treasurer. Geo. B. Keniston and W. Bailey, Executive Committee of two.

THE MANHATTAN LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF NEW YORK CITY.

The Manhattan Literary Association meets every Thursday evening at 8 P.M. in the basement of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, West 18th St., near 5th Avenue. Its regular business meetings are held every first Thursday of each month, debates every second, and lectures every third. Its object is to improve the moral, intellectual, and social welfare of its members. All communications relating to the Association should be sent to the Secretary, Fred Hoffman, 615 East 11th Street, New York City.

THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.